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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

LAST week we spoke of the stout defence which Madrid was putting up against General Franco's offensive. It soon appeared that there was more than that in it. The defenders had become the attackers and were recovering lost positions, driving the enemy back in confusion to his starting point, and capturing guns, ammunition and stores. Rebel headquarters began by denying the Government's claims, but have since admitted to some losses. In fact it is plain that they have been badly defeated. The outstanding feature of the battle has been the rout of the Italians, who were the spear-head of the insurgent army. They have had heavy casualties and many have been taken prisoner. Their commander, General Bergonzoli is reported to have been deposed and General Franco himself has gone to the Guadalajara front to take charge. The advance continues at the time of writing, but is encountering more resistance.

The Italians in Spain

It is no doubt an exaggeration to call this débâcle "a second Caporetto." But it is obviously a blow to Italian military prestige and a check to Mussolini's hopes and plans. The situation in Spain had nothing to do, we are told, with his hasty return from his visit to Libya. But that he is taking it very seriously is evident from Count Grandi's behaviour in the Non-Intervention Committee on Tuesday. The Soviet Government had waived their objection to discussing the Spanish gold reserve, and in view of this it was expected that the Sub-Committee would get down promptly to the question of withdrawing the volunteers. To everyone's astonishment Count Grandi declared that Italy was not prepared to discuss the question, and he gave it as his personal opinion that not a single Italian volunteer would leave Spain before the end of the war. Of course, the Italian Ambassador does not express his "personal opinion" on such an occasion as this without authorisation. It is his master's voice. What the effect will be—whether it will shatter the whole sorry scheme of non-intervention to bits—we cannot predict. Strenuous efforts will no doubt be made to patch things up. And if they are successful, what then? Will Mussolini be content with the soldiers he has already sent to Spain? Or shall we have more shiploads of Italian "doctors and helpers" 'anding at Cadiz and elsewhere under the eyes of the international observers and naval patrols?

Thunders in Rome

Meanwhile, the Duce has been indulging in his old game of thunder. In a speech in Rome on Monday he defended—or rather he gloried in—all that Fascist Italy

has done in East Africa—including, it seems, the horrible massacre in Addis Ababa last month. He is particularly incensed by British criticism and protests. These, he is reported to have said, are "floods from muddy inkpots . . . the hysterical and hypocritical oratory of Anglican preachers." Another "flood" appeared in the *Times* on Tuesday over the signatures of the Archbishop of York, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. H. G. Wells and a number of other people who are not "Anglican preachers," but are representative of large sections of public opinion in this country. These protests are more than justified; we only wish we could see signs of the statesmen who are responsible for our foreign policy taking any notice of them. The British Government have condoned, in fact if not in words, the whole of Italy's criminal proceedings in Abyssinia. They have done nothing to oppose her criminal adventure in Spain. Have they got the guts or the sense to stand up to Fascist aggression anywhere —even if it should take the form of a direct attack on the British Empire?

Cabinet Purge in Austria

Dr. Schuschnigg has the courage of his opinions. In the matter of a Habsburg restoration he was badly let down by Italy, and the resulting hostility of Austrian opinion towards Mussolini was displayed in a free fight between rival teams at an Austro-Italian football match last Sunday. Yet, with no assurance of Italian support in case of need, the Chancellor has now risked Hitler's wrath and dismissed Herr Neustädter-Sturmer, his Minister for Public Security. The late Minister, who was at one time leader of the anti-Nazi Heimwehr, has displayed in office a marked tendency to give the Nazis facilities for organising and carrying on propaganda. His portfolio is now assumed by Dr. Schuschnigg himself, the routine work of the office being delegated to Dr. Skubl, head of the Vienna police and well known for his pronounced anti-Nazi views. German press comment on this Cabinet change is astringent. It seems clear that Dr. Schuschnigg is preparing to make a strong stand for the independence of his country and is endeavouring discreetly to improve his relations with the Little Entente.

The Pope's Encyclical

Dr. Schuschnigg is not the only Catholic to show signs of a stiffer attitude towards the Nazis. The Papal Encyclical, read in every Catholic church in Germany last Sunday, contains scarcely veiled threats of war to the knife if the Reich Government continues, in breach of the Concordat of 1933, to pursue its present anti-church policy. Führer-worship is roundly condemned as idolatry. The Nazi racial doctrines, it is declared, "violate the divine order of things." The Church will never agree to schools in which teachers of religion are not free, or in which Christian doctrines are undermined by other lessons from lay teachers. "If peace is not to come," the Encyclical asserts, "then the Church of God will defend its rights in the name of the All-Highest whose arm, even to-day, has not been shortened." Whether Hitler will consent to call off his anti-church campaign seems doubtful. Too much ideological prestige is at stake. But, if it comes to an open clash with the Vatican, will he risk excommunication? Rome, as well as the All-Highest, has a long arm.

The Position of Belgium

King Leopold deserved, and doubtless received, a sympathetic hearing in London this week for his exposé of his country's attitude towards Western Pact proposals. Belgium naturally has no desire to be turned again into a battlefield for the Great Powers. Under the Covenant of the League she is required to open her territory to the passage of troops of other States Members proceeding to assist the victim of aggression. Under the temporary agreement which replaced Locarno she is bound to assist France if France is attacked by Germany. But France has commitments to Eastern and Central European allies. A section of Belgian opinion is deeply apprehensive of the risk of being dragged into a war with Germany over an issue not directly affecting Belgian security. Hence the idea of reverting to pre-1914 conditions of guaranteed neutrality, as suggested by Hitler last January, makes a certain appeal. But there are difficulties. Such a step would involve Belgium's withdrawal from her Covenant obligations, and she does not wish to leave the League. More important, neither France nor Britain, from the strategical standpoint, can be expected to guarantee Belgium's integrity unless she accords in return facilities at least for potential Franco-British air bases on her territory.

Congress and Office

In the six provinces where the Indian National Congress won a majority its representatives will accept office. A minority of well over a third stood under Socialist leadership for refusal. Its chairman, Jawaharlal Nehru, was of the minority opinion, but will bow to the vote. There is, however, a complication due to Mr. Gandhi's subtlety and scruples. The designated Premier in each province must be able to assure his party that the Governor will not use his power of veto so long as Congress follows its mandate within the framework of the Constitution. It is certain that no Governor will give any formal pledge to this effect. Will it, then, suffice that the Leader, after a non-committal talk, should use his powers of divination? The resolution calls for more than this. Probably in most provinces further subtlety will explain away the original subtlety, for the average Congressman plainly wants office. But, given the big minority for no-compromise, it is doubtful for how long Mr. Gandhi's efforts to conceal a tactical retreat will avail to preserve the unity of Congress. The conflict may come on some point over which Mr. Gandhi himself has imperious moral scruples. Suppose that a Congress Minister of Finance obeyed his mandate literally and wiped out the Excise revenue from toddy. In that case, however constitutional such a policy might be, the veto will come down.

Thank You for Nothing

Mr. Baldwin met this week the deputation which had laid before him the Peace Council's Memorial pleading for British initiative in liberalising the conditions of international trade as a contribution to the cause of peace. The signatories will not, we fear, be able to draw much comfort from the Prime Minister's reply. After paying lip service to the ideals behind the Memorial he rejected every constructive suggestion put forward. According to Mr. Baldwin, the "open door" in British colonial

dependencies must not be restored because it would interfere with their tariff autonomy. The colonies must not be put under any sort of mandatory system, because they "would resent being placed in a different category from other members of the British Empire," and because the scheme would involve creating "a kind of international Colonial Office." No action must be taken to institute a "low tariff group" of countries because this would upset the Most Favoured Nation Clause, on which British policy continues to be based. British tariffs must not be reduced because they are essential to prevent unemployment and to protect the standard of living. In fact, the only positive thing Mr. Baldwin said was that it would be very nice if other countries would liberalise their trade policies while we kept ours unchanged.

The Fen Floods

The water in the fens has abated a little as we write, and we hope that the worst of the danger is past. Everyone will join in paying tribute to the tireless efforts of the men who have been engaged day and night in the work of stemming the floods, and to the assistance given by the military. And many will agree with the strong words used by the Dean of Ely last night about the crowds of sightseers who have flocked to the scene to gape and get in the way. But far more serious is the censure that must be passed on the National Government. The urgent need for safeguarding the fen country was recognised by the Labour Government in 1930 when their Land Drainage Act was passed, and in the summer of 1931 they were ready with a scheme for putting in hand and financing the necessary work. Then came the political crisis and the National Government took office. They were at one with the Treasury in wanting to spend as little money as possible, and they have simply trifled with the problem. Mr. Greenwood attacked them roundly in the Commons on Tuesday, and he had Liberal and also some Conservative support for his demand for bold national action. The Minister of Agriculture would not admit either that the Government had been neglectful in the past or that they ought to do more in the future. The State would help, he said, but the initiative must be local and the financial burden must be largely local. This is a mean and stupid policy.

Deadlock in Detroit

The Chrysler Corporation is still standing out against the claims of the Automobile Workers' Union to be recognised as the official collective bargaining agency for its employees. But no attempt has yet been made forcibly to evict the stay-in strikers who are in occupation of the Chrysler plants in Detroit. Towards smaller groups of stay-in strikers in other industries no similar tenderness has been shown. There have been in Detroit during the past week several forcible evictions, chiefly of women strikers who had occupied factories in imitation of the methods of the C.I.O. The Michigan Courts have shown themselves ready enough to grant injunctions and orders for evictions; but the Chrysler strikers are too numerous for these orders to be carried out except at the cost of a serious struggle and with the aid of imported forces. As we write, the C.I.O. is threatening a general strike throughout Detroit unless the deadlock is ended. The President has so far made no move to intervene in the struggle; but his sympathies are known to be with the strikers as against the company unionism on which the Chrysler Corporation is still obstinately insisting. Mr. Lewis, for his part, cannot afford to be beaten.

The M.F.G.B. and the Spencer Union

We are not surprised that there has been a hitch over the proposed amalgamation between the Nottinghamshire Miners' Association and Mr. Spencer's Miners' Industrial Union—the "non-political" body favoured by the colliery owners and against which the strike at Harworth colliery is directed. The terms of amalgamation, as announced by Mr. Spencer this week, were apparently accepted by Mr. Joseph Jones, President of the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain, subject to their ratification; but it is not easy to see how they could work. It was natural enough that, as far as wages and conditions are concerned, the agreement negotiated by the owners with the Spencer Union should be taken over; this agreement is in fact one of the most favourable in these respects. But the M.F.G.B. would be bound to feel much greater difficulty over some of the other terms—the exclusion of political matters from all ordinary meetings of the combined Union, the guarantee given to Mr. Spencer of a seat on the M.F.G.B. executive, and the promise demanded from the M.F.G.B. to refrain from calling the Notts miners out on strike, even in connection with a general stoppage of work throughout the coalfields, at any time during the next six years. Doubtless Mr. Jones, in recommending these terms, was anxious to put an end to the present discrimination against members of the N.M.A. at almost any sacrifice. But he perhaps failed to realise how much like a surrender to the colliery owners and to company unionism the proposed conditions would look to M.F.G.B. members, both in Nottinghamshire and elsewhere.

Politicians' Wages

Before Mr. Baldwin goes out of office he will have secured for his successor, for certain of his colleagues, and for the Leader of the Opposition an increase of income. There has never been any rhyme or reason in the arrangement whereby some Cabinet Ministers get £5,000 and others only £2,000 a year—almost entirely without regard to the importance of their several offices. Nor is it easy to justify paying the Prime Minister only half as much as the Lord Chancellor, and a good deal less than half as much as a Law Officer who happens to have a "good year." We are quite prepared to see the Prime Minister given some increase, though we should like to couple this with some decrease for the Lord Chancellor and the Law Officers. Nor do we object to the worse-paid Cabinet Ministers getting a rise—though here again we should prefer equalisation at an intermediate figure to a general sending up to £5,000. As for the Leader of the Opposition, he has an arduous job, and the labourer is worthy of his hire—though some may think it a dangerous principle to turn opposition into a form of office-holding. Pensions for ex-Prime Ministers are another matter. If a pension is called for in a special case, why not vote it *ad hoc* instead of making a general rule?

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TYNESIDE

WHEN Daniel Defoe, in his tour through Great Britain, rode into Newcastle more than two hundred years ago, he observed that, whereas " the Town lies on both sides the river," and " the parts are joined by a very strong and stately stone bridge," nevertheless the jurisdiction of the Corporation extended only to the part north of the river. Gateshead, though it was already in effect part of the same city, was separated administratively, being in those days under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durham. Defoe's successor, touring England to-day, would find the city upon the Tyne divided not simply into two fragments, but into no fewer than fourteen—six north and eight south of the river—forming an area of practically continuous building from the County Boroughs of Tynemouth and South Shields by the sea to the Urban Districts of Newburn and Ryton more than ten miles away to the west. One city is broken up between four County Borough Councils, two Councils of ordinary Municipal Boroughs, and eight Councils of Urban Districts—to say nothing of two County Councils, each responsible for many of the local services outside the areas of the four County Boroughs.

This situation is quite absurd, though we suffer it to be reproduced in many parts of England—around Manchester, for example, and pre-eminently in London itself. No logic upholds it: it is the consequence of a series of historical accidents. The Tyne, with its single bridge, first made in Roman times, was once a natural boundary between two really different counties; but it has long been much more a highway, along which has grown up the ribbon of settlements on both banks that we call " Tyneside "—an economic and social, though not yet an administrative, reality. No one can suppose that these fourteen independent areas constitute the most efficient units for administering many of the services that are actually entrusted to the care of their elected Councils—much less for taking charge of the development of Tyneside in face of the serious economic problems which have beset it. It is, indeed, hardly to be regarded as an accident that the greater part of the Tyneside public utility services is in the hands, not of the municipalities, but of profit-making companies. It would be too absurd to have separate electricity, gas and water undertakings for each of the administrative areas into which Tyneside is split up for purposes of Local Government. Accordingly, in the absence of any authority entitled to speak or administer for the district as a whole, private enterprise, which is independent of municipal boundaries, has been allowed to remain in control, as it must remain until the problem of unification is solved.

Unless Tyneside had fallen into special distresses, it is most improbable that any attention would have been paid to the shortcomings of its local government. But depression hit the district hard: it became part of a " Special Area," and Captain Wallace, appointed to report upon its economic plight, realised that administrative reform was urgently needed, and recommended the reference of the matter to a special board of enquiry. The result was a Royal Commission which, after various vicissitudes, has at length produced its report.

With one dissentient, the Royal Commission recommends very drastic changes. It proposes that all the Tyneside administrative areas, together with all the rest of Northumberland, should be merged for a number of local government purposes into a single administrative region, with a directly elected Regional Council of its own. Within this region, it proposes that all the existing County Boroughs should lose their status, and that the entire Tyneside area should become a single Municipal Borough. Durham County, except the Tyneside urban area, would be left as it is; and the Tyne Improvement Commissioners are also to be left in existence as a separate body, and possibly to be reinforced, after further inquiry, by a new Transport Board, on the lines of the L.P.T.B., for the whole Tyneside area. To the Regional authority would be transferred the control of education, medical services connected with public health, fire brigade services, and the control of the highways, except unclassified roads in urban areas, and such roads as may be taken over and administered nationally under the Minister of Transport.

At first sight, this proposal for constituting a Regional Authority for Tyneside and the whole of Northumberland has undoubted attractions. It would enable many services to be more efficiently run, and to serve the public better, probably at lower cost. It gets round the difficulty that County Boroughs are constantly putting up schemes for the extension of their areas, and being no less constantly fought by County Councils, which have no desire to see what is often the most prosperous and highly rented section of the people slipping out of its grasp. To merge town and country in a combined Region seems the most obvious way of meeting the County Council criticism of the policy of extending borough boundaries; and this is the line which the Royal Commission has followed.

But when the proposals are more closely scrutinised, objections begin to appear. The advocates of Regionalism have long urged the creation, for suitable areas throughout Great Britain, of Regional Authorities empowered to organise those public services which call for larger units of administration than are possible under the existing system. But the Regionalists have always favoured an area much larger than the Royal Commission has in mind. There would be a great deal to be said for setting up a Regional Authority to administer " regional " services for the whole of Durham and Northumberland, and probably for Cumberland and Westmorland as well. But there is much less in favour of a scheme which would virtually make rural Northumberland an appendage to an enlarged urban authority for Tyneside as a whole.

Nor can we feel satisfied with the Royal Commission's list of services to be placed under the new Regional Authority. It is a remarkable omission from this list that housing and town-planning, presumably including town and country planning, are to be left as local services, and that the Region is to have nothing to do with them. We should have supposed that planning was essentially a Regional service, and indeed that in no other sphere could the case for Regional organisation be so strong. Doubtless, the proposal to leave housing and town-planning under local control is bound up with the Commission's other proposal, to constitute a new borough including the entire Tyneside Region. Under the Commission's scheme this borough would have a population of over half a million, and would be comparable with Sheffield or Leeds

but in view of the creation of the Regional Authority it would be left with powers much inferior to those of an ordinary borough. Indeed, if it were shorn of housing and town-planning as well as of the services which the Commission proposes to take away, there would be very little of importance left for its Lord Mayor and Aldermen and Councillors to exercise themselves upon.

Here again the scheme falls between two stools. There is a strong case for Regionalism; there is also a strong case for consolidating the Tyneside towns into a single city. But there is no room, within the area to which the Commission confined its attention, for both a Regional Authority and an inclusive County Borough. To create the County Borough without the Region would cripple the Northumberland County Council, which, shorn of its Tyneside revenues, would be too poor to maintain its services. Accordingly, the Commission recommends a Region consisting of Tyneside *plus* the residue of Northumberland. But that in turn involves the destruction of the proposed County Borough.

In our view it would have been far preferable to keep the inclusive Tyneside County Borough, and to meet the Northumberland difficulty by consolidating Northumberland, Durham and probably Cumberland and Westmorland under a wider Regional Authority. This would have been quite compatible with handing over to the Region the operation of certain services within the County Borough—for there is nothing sacred about the arrangement which makes County Boroughs completely independent. It would have made much easier the taking over of public utility services, such as electricity, gas, water, and transport, by the Regional Authority; and it would have made Tyneside the recognised capital of Northern England, and brought it into close relationship with a sufficiently wide and diversified Region, and not merely with the rural parts of Northumberland, which it would be bound to overshadow and to dominate.

Admittedly, the whole problem of reorganising local government areas is a very difficult one. Earlier Commissions on the Greater London area, on South Wales, and on the country as a whole, have broken down in their attempts to solve it. Almost certainly, the first step towards its solution will be a regional experiment in some one selected area; and none seems better suited for this than Tyneside, where the need for reorganisation is plain and urgent. But we cannot feel that the Royal Commission has found the right solution, or that Mr. Roberts's Minority Report offers any workable alternative. For Mr. Roberts, plumping for the County Borough solution, throws over altogether the idea of the Region. He puts forward instead a proposal for a system of *ad hoc* Joint Boards which, in the light of past experience, would be most unlikely to work democratically or well, even with the alterations in their normal procedure that he argues for.

If the creation of a wider Region, to cover at least Durham as well as Northumberland, is not taken up, we can see nothing for it but to amalgamate some of the Tyneside boroughs into a single County Borough, and leave it at that. But such a compromise would be most unsatisfactory both for Northumberland and Durham and from the standpoint of finding an experimental solution of the regional problem which would be of use in facing the accumulating difficulties of other areas.

THE ABORTIVE MARCH ON BUDAPEST

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT].

Two or three weeks ago Central Europe buzzed with rumours of a *coup d'état* which had all but taken place at Budapest. It is now perhaps possible to disentangle the threads of this conspiracy and to gauge its international importance.

After General Gömbös's death last autumn many breathed a sigh of relief. It was thought that the appointment of M. Darányi as the new Premier of Hungary, with Count Bethlen as a power behind the empty throne, might close the Hungarian door to Germany's *Drang nach Osten* for a little. But this hope was disappointed. Robbed of their hopes of easily completing the dictatorial and Germanophile structure which Gömbös had begun to build, his Radical supporters were seized with a new energy. The Nazis of Hungary consist of a conglomeration of Fascist groups. The most dangerous are men like MM. Marton and Mécser who are still members of the Government Party of National Unity. But the Arrow Swastika party (green shirts), the Blue Cross Catholics and other groups, are in sympathy with them, and all would like to see in Budapest an anti-Semitic dictatorship on the Berlin model pursuing a strongly pro-German policy abroad. Ostensibly German propaganda is confined to the German minority of over half a million, but no one doubts that money and literature flow in from Germany to feed all forms of Hungarian National Socialism. Pamphlets in Hungarian but printed in Hamburg have been circulating in considerable quantities. As for money, that has been largely a matter of manipulating the export of horses and farm produce from Hungary to Germany. Mécser has an important position which enables him to deflect a proportion of the profits into the coffers of his political friends.

The position and the circumstances of Hungary, small though she is, make her a matter of considerable interest to Germany, and for Nazi notions Hungarian soil is particularly fertile. A wild and widespread anti-Semitism combines with startling social inequalities to make Hungary all but safe for Hitler. The landowning class, which has hitherto blocked every serious attempt at land reform, still greedily clings to its great feudal holdings. Ever since the brief and ill-fated Bela Kun regime it has lived in holy terror of "Bolshevism"; thus it is ready to respond to Hitlerites on the "Communist-menace" basis, and happy to abuse the Jews to whom it is indebted. Economic recovery is evident in Hungary, but profits on wheat, for instance, disappear into the pockets of the Government or the big landowners. The peasants are only aware that, on the rare occasions when they buy things, their money brings them even less than it has brought before. About three million peasants—at least a third of the population—are still landless and land-hungry. The Nazi agitators in the villages tell the peasants to drive out the Jews; but they whisper, too, that the big estates must soon be divided. And where people are starving and desperate it means little to buy their allegiance with a trifle spent here and a trifle there. For the atmosphere smells of *jacqueries* to come. In the towns, while the university students beat up Jews, the industrial workers still work for starvation wages, unprotected by even such social legislation as Germany provides. The miners at Pécs have been on strike. They succeeded in obtaining the cancellation of a recent 8 per cent. wages cut, but about 140 of their leading spirits were summarily dismissed and when they came out to protest, police pressure—beatings and threats—was such that the second strike inevitably collapsed.

During the winter the harmonies of the Hitlerite quasi-hegemony in the valley of the Danube have been disturbed by the increased activities of the Legitimists in conjunction with the unexpected resistance of Dr. Schuschnigg to the Nazification of Austria. There is no doubt that the name of Habsburg produces astonishingly nervous reactions in Berlin

and especially in Berchtesgaden. If Herr von Neurath got little satisfaction when he visited Vienna in February, the Magyar allies of Germany were encouraged to make her weight felt in Hungary where Habsburgs also have their hopes. The various Nazi Radicals began to talk of a March upon Budapest to install their own candidates as a dictatorial government; Sztranyavszky, the President of the Chamber, though not in any way outstanding, was to be made Prime Minister at the outset. Whether things really went much farther, that is to say whether arms upon any serious scale were collected, it is difficult to say. At the end of February the anti-Nazi elements, and especially that polished champion of the peasants, Tibor Eckhardt, made vehement protests in high places, and the chances of a violent coup momentarily disappeared.

But it is the subsequent position which is disquieting from the international point of view. In spite of vigorous reactions from important sections of Hungarian public opinion, such as the strongly anti-Nazi speeches in various quarters on Sunday, March 7th, the attitude of the Premier was curiously feeble. His *démentis* suggested far bigger *Putsch* preparations than the public would otherwise have suspected.

His statements about the innocence of the German Legation in Budapest were clearly dictated from Berlin; Baron Hahn, the German press attaché, had certainly interested himself with German energy in Hungarian Radicalism, and it is possible that the Minister, General Mackensen's son, will soon be transferred to the Wilhelmstrasse. Simultaneously with Darányi's *démentis* came the anti-Habsburg outburst from the *Giornale d'Italia*, a striking obeisance from Rome to Berlin in view of Mussolini's friendly interest in the restoration only a short time before.

The key to the internal Hungarian situation is Admiral Horthy, the Regent. It is an open secret that he is about as capable of defending a constitution—even a thousand-year-old Hungarian one—as was President Hindenburg in his later years. It is equally well known that he, too, has an anti-Habsburg obsession and Hitlerite sympathies and that the Marton-Mécser group still belongs to the Government party because the Regent wishes them to remain. And as long as they do so, it is difficult for men of the opposition, like Bethlen and Eckhardt, however well they stand with Darányi, to come into the Cabinet. The Ministry of the Interior was recently left without a chief when M. Kozma resigned. Darányi temporarily took over, but much will depend upon whom he appoints as his successor. For Gömbös had been filling the Ministry with Nazi sympathisers to an extent which would greatly facilitate the installation of an ardent Germanophile regime. The undermining of the executive in this way is far more ominous than a threatened *Putsch*, since, if the Hungarian Government were in earnest, it could easily suppress a rising, even a fairly well-armed one.

The ideology of the Hungarian Nazis, in so far as it contains anything but the crudest anti-Semitism, is Great-Hungarian and strongly revisionist, and it is violently hostile to Czechoslovakia. The grievances of the Hungarian minority in the Republic are unendingly exploited, and the Czechs are said to have driven their Magyars to desperation. On these and other grounds, a German-Hungarian attack upon Czechoslovakia, were it open or concealed, would claim to be justified. In fact, the Hungarians in Czechoslovakia are, if anything, less discontented than they have been, for employment is steadily rising in Slovakia and agricultural prices are good. The Czechoslovak Government, moreover, is promising that the position of the Hungarians is to be improved in the same way as that of the *Sudetendeutschen*, and there is no reason to suppose that Dr. Hodža is not in earnest.

While German pressure upon Hungary and the Germanophile movement in the country itself thus constitute an alarmingly aggressive tendency, the anti-Nazi elements in Hungary are beginning to incline towards Austro-Hungarian co-operation with Czechoslovakia, all the more since Germany flirts so grossly with Rumania and Jugoslavia. This triple co-operation between Vienna, Budapest and Prague is precisely what Dr. Schuschnigg, in his cautious way, seems to be suggesting as a counterpoise to the pressure from Berlin. It is noteworthy that, in spite of the violently anti-Czech sentiment in the Budapest air, the official communiqué issued there after the Austrian Chancellor's visit this week hinted at improved relations with Czechoslovakia. If Darányi and Schuschnigg can hold together and find common ground with Prague, there is reason to believe that Mussolini will give his approval when Schuschnigg goes to Rome. Neither in Hungary nor elsewhere in the Danube valley can Italy welcome Germany's advance, and if Britain's frontier lies upon the Rhine, does not Italy's lie along the German-Czechoslovak boundary?

Budapest, March 20th.

A LONDON DIARY

THE Home Secretary's announcement of a Departmental Committee to inquire into the birching of boys will be welcomed by many besides those who are contemptuously labelled (by hard-boiled barbarians) as sentimentalists. There has been a growing public concern at the propensity of magistrates to order the beating of children for minor offences (Sir John Simon stated that there were 218 sentences of birching ordered in Juvenile Courts in 1935 and 164 in 1936). Whether this is to be attributed to sadism or to an excessive faith in the wisdom of King Solomon, may be a matter for argument. It seems to me, in any case, one of those relics of barbarism which it is high time we got rid of—and the fact that it is not the only such relic is no excuse for its retention. There are schoolmasters, of course, who take a different view. I find an editorial in the current number of the *Head Teachers Review* putting it thus: "A judge recently ordered a boy of 15 to be whipped. If this were done in a few cases, the evil we deplore would very quickly cease, and it would be far kinder than filling up hostels and homes, or erecting large numbers of approved schools." But Dr. Norris, the Chief Inspector of the Children's Branch at the Home Office, has declared publicly that "police court birching is not effective," and most of the officials in the Home Office who have any concern with the matter are, I believe, against it. I hope the inquiry will lead to its abolition with the least possible delay. And then, what about another inquiry into the flogging of adults? This is defended, or excused—even by many who dislike the beating of children—as being a punishment that is inflicted only for heinous offences by brutal criminals. But does it make the brute less brutal? The sentence is often accompanied by a pronouncement from the Bench that it is fitting that the perpetrator of the crime should be made to suffer some of the pain that he has inflicted on his victim. That is the ancient "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" principle, barely disguised as "retributive justice." Or else we are told that it is the only effective deterrent against crimes of violence—a belief, or pretence, which has no valid evidence to support it.

* * *

Except on grounds of gross political prejudice it is difficult to explain the refusal of the Albert Hall trustees to allow the Hall to be rented for a meeting under Professor Laski's chairmanship, at which Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P., Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Mr. George Strauss, M.P., Mr. James Maxton, M.P., and Mr. Harry Pollitt were to have been the speakers. The Hall has been let for Conservative, Liberal and Labour Party meetings; it has been let more than once to the Fascists, whose meeting was attended on one occasion by disorders outside the building. There was no shadow of reason to suppose that the vetoed meeting would have been other than orderly. The refusal of the Hall to the "United Front" represents an attempt by the trustees to stifle the expression in public of political opinions which they dislike. The responses to the appeal that Sir Stafford addressed to various political leaders, asking them to intercede on his behalf with

the trustees, are significant. Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Archibald Sinclair and Mr. Attlee—none of whom can be suspected of "United Front" leanings—wrote stoutly championing the cause of liberty of speech. The Prime Minister replied that this was "quite outside his province"; the Home Secretary was silent; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald found that his official position precluded him from intervening; and Mr. Winston Churchill observed that Sir Stafford's "political association" with the Communist Party put his plea out of court. Note that no leading figure in the National Government's ranks could be found to protest against the trustees' action, though none could deny that the proposed meeting was to be held under responsible auspices and that its "platform" represents in fact the sort of political combination on which the present Government of our nearest democratic neighbour and ally is based.

* * *

Belief in the genuineness of official protestations that adequate steps are being taken to check profiteering in armaments will be shaken by the curious story of the negotiations between the War Office and Ransomes and Rapier, Ltd. This Ipswich firm of manufacturing engineers offered in September, 1935, to undertake shell production in part of their plant. The tender which they submitted was, they claim, substantially cheaper than the lowest tender at that time received by the War Office. Lengthy discussions followed, at the end of which the War Office finally decided not to give Ransomes and Rapier a contract, on the ground that Ipswich is vulnerable to air attack and that shells can *now* be produced more cheaply than at the price which Ransomes and Rapier originally quoted. This may or may not be so. But does the War Office deny that the original tender at the time of its submission was exceedingly favourable? And can Mr. Duff Cooper dispel the suspicion that the real reason for withholding this contract was that the tendering firm proposed to make in the press the embarrassing announcement that they were undertaking this work on a strictly non-profit-making basis?

* * *

The famous University of Göttingen, founded by George II, is celebrating its 200th birthday this year. By a coincidence 1937 is also the 100th anniversary of another important event in its history—the expulsion of seven famous professors, historians, orientalists, physicists, philologists, for protesting against the revocation by King Ernest Augustus of Hanover of the liberal constitution of 1833. Göttingen later recovered from that blow and had been for many years carefully fostered by the Prussian Government. In recent days it was attracting scientists from all over the world, and did much to re-establish scientific co-operation after the war between Germany and her former enemies. But Göttingen, like other German Universities, had many Jewish members, and the Nazis, of course, fell upon it. A number of its most distinguished teachers were dismissed, even before the general dismissals started throughout the country, and the great Mathematical Institute has remained practically empty since 1933. All the English Universities, I understand, are being invited to send representatives to this bicentenary celebration—and the chosen day is actually June 30th, the third anniversary of Hitler's murderous "purge." That may perhaps be an irrelevant detail; but the principle of academic freedom is very much to the point, and I hope that the English Universities will uphold it, as they upheld it in a similar case not long ago, by sending not delegates, but a remonstrance, to Göttingen.

* * *

Most protests serve only to relieve the feelings of the protester, yet even the great urban landlords can sometimes be cowed by public opinion and deterred from their programme of predatory vandalism. Carlton House Terrace was saved from destruction at the eleventh hour. The difficulty is to discover, before it is too late, what nefarious schemes are being hatched. I have just heard that Park Crescent, that noble and unspoiled piece of Regency London, is in danger. And who knows how long the splendid terraces round Regent's Park will remain safe? It is difficult, without new and very necessary legislation, to prevent Dukes and Ecclesiastical Commissioners "doing what they like with their own," but the Commissioners of Crown Lands are public servants and the Cabinet could easily instruct them no longer to seek a negligible increase in the national revenue when this entails the devastation of a magnificent piece of town planning. Even more valuable than Park Crescent is Bedford Square, the last eighteenth-century square in the middle of London to remain unspoiled. And now I hear that this is to be wrecked by—of all people—the Trustees of the British Museum. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Incredible as this sounds, I should be delighted and surprised to be told that it was untrue. Much as one sympathises with protests against the destruction of individual London houses, the need now is to concentrate on the defence of the few Georgian squares and streets which still remain comparatively entire. I see that the Duke of Kent at the dinner of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings rightly praised their work in saving cottages, barns and bridges. Is it mere urban prejudice on my part to think Park Crescent and Bedford Square worth more than many barns?

* * *

The combined English Universities have gone the way of Oxford and sent an Independent to Parliament in place of a Tory. I still think myself that the University seats are an anomaly that ought to be abolished; but so long as we have them, there is a very strong argument for their being filled by representatives who are not tied by close allegiance to any Party. Mr. T. E. Harvey, who has gained such a handsome victory this week, is an "Independent Progressive" of the right sort—that is to say, of the Left sort. I have known him for many years—since the days, in fact, when he was Warden of Toynbee Hall and sat in the Parliament of 1910 as M.P. for West Leeds. He was then a strong Radical (of the socialistic, not the Manchester School, variety), and his radicalism has not weakened with time. I should say that in his political views there is nothing to divide him from his colleague, Miss Rathbone, or from Sir Arthur Salter.

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to O. Haward.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Believing that people who get out of a 'bus outside and walk into his church on Sundays give a bad impression to 'bus drivers and conductors, and cause discontent among the working classes, the Rector of Broadwater, Worthing, the Rev. B. C. Mowll, wishes all his parishioners who do not possess cars to walk to church. He considers that seeing other people riding in 'buses makes the drivers disconsolate because they are not able to have their day of rest on Sunday.—*Daily Telegraph.*

What a pleasant thing it would be if all those people earning £2,000 and over a year would each adopt an unemployed man and help him to preserve his sense of proportion by sending an occasional cheerful letter or an old book.—Letter in *News Chronicle.*

Red, white, and blue "goldfish." This patriotic colour scheme has been achieved by careful breeding by Mr. A. Cree, a rural district councillor at Arlesey, Bedfordshire. The colours are distinct and clearly marked, and Mr. Cree proposes to exhibit the fish on the village green on Coronation Day as part of the local celebrations.—*Observer.*

Coronation mice, 1 red, 1 white, 1 blue. The three in cage, 5s. complete.—*Cage Birds.*

Asked if he considered a friend of his to be a reliable person, a witness at the Old Bailey, London, yesterday replied: "Oh, yes, he ought to have been. He was an old public school boy."—*The Bulletin.*

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

NOBODY likes to be considered a reactionary. It is unpleasant to feel oneself thirty years behind the times. But there are moments when one looks round and then looks back, and begins to wonder. Is the change altogether for the good? Are the results working out exactly as the theorists told us that they would? Are the criticisms and the doubts that one harbours merely a sign of old age, and of maladaptation to a changing environment? Or is it possible that the theorists are wrong in a point or two, and that their mistakes are now beginning to show?

Take education. There are few things about which opinion has, in the last quarter of a century, been so turned upside-down as has this question of the training of children. An enlightening story is that of the middle-aged lady who had never tasted breast of chicken: "When I was a child, it was kept for the grown-ups; and now I'm grown-up it's kept for the children." The whole status of the child in society has changed, in many ways for the better. But I doubt if children of the well-to-do are, in the mass, happier. They miss, I think, the large families of the past—microcosms in which the individual was subjected to the criticisms and commendation of his peers, his world growing up round him and with him in a natural, gradual way. The "only" child of to-day lacks these primitive moulding influences. His culture is artificial, imposed from above; and he is apt to find the world outside his home measured by standards differing widely from those which prevail inside it. In any case, the modern child is largely removed from those struggles and emulations which were part of the very structure of the big, old-fashioned family.

It may be objected that the boarding school—particularly the co-educational school—replaces family life. But this is quite untrue. The school is a little world built round the child; a Lilliput, with all its standards diminished to the mental stature of its inhabitants. Every event, every piece of material environment, is considered for its effect on the children; not, as in the family, from the point of view of young and adult life together. The child's school existence is cut off from the ordinary, everyday world; not contained within and integrated with it as was child life in the big family. The disappearance of the latter is one of the most disturbing social changes of the last half-century.

Simultaneously with this change has come a revolution in educational theory. For the compulsions and subjugations of our forefathers we have substituted freedom of action, freedom of thought, freedom of choice and freedom of speech—a freedom so wide that it leaves small place even for guidance. Nature and natural impulses are to do the guiding; education is reduced to the mere provision of facilities for study, if desired.

Choice as wide and unfettered as this is no help to a developing mind; it is, in fact, an impediment. Any creative artist will support the statement that it is far easier, as well as more educative, to design within limitations than where the material offers few or no restrictions. A child's intelligence is unable to decide wisely among a multitude of options. Even an adult finds it not easy to make an important decision, and it is not fair to a child to call upon it to do so continually. A foreign friend of mine, not long ago, sent his two small sons to one of the biggest and best known of very modern schools, but took them away at the end of their third term. "It is not good for them," he said, "or, perhaps they are not good for it. They are little boys and idle and they do not work; but then they have the bad conscience and they are not happy. So, as they do not work and are not happy I think it is not good for them. Now they go to a day school, and they work and are happy and they wash their necks."

This cult of complete liberty seems to me fundamentally wrong. No adult is free in any such degree. Primitive man was kept up to a high standard of efficiency by hostile nature. He had to succeed in his various activities and enterprises, or he was wiped out. His mind and his muscles were always kept as fit as their environment could make them. Modern man keeps physically fit by artificial means—exercise deliberately undertaken, games and so on—and, mentally, by business and other forms of emulation. The primitive child was born to effort, to the overcoming of difficulties and hardships. If he did not overcome them, he never became a man. The modern child is removed from effort as well as from hardship; he is discouraged from competition and not encouraged, much less compelled, to exert himself beyond the point at which difficulty begins. In other words, he is hindered from becoming a man.

The old-fashioned educational systems died because their basic principles of discipline and hard work had become overlaid and smothered by obsolete ideas as to the framework within which education should be carried out, and the materials with which it should deal. But this does not mean that those basic principles were wrong. The aim of education should be to teach a child how to use his mind and his body to the best advantage. All educationalists nowadays are agreed that the accumulation of facts is a mere by-product, though even this may be of value. But training in the proper and easy use of the mind as a tool; how to apply it to any given problem; how to tell a true analogy from a false, so that principles deduced from study in one technique may be employed in another; how to relate observed facts; all these are proper aims of education. But, above all, formal education must train and strengthen the power of concentration, without which the other factors are almost valueless. "Modern" education seems to me not only to fail to strengthen this faculty, but actually to weaken it. The child is allowed to drop a study or a pursuit as soon as he begins to tire of it—usually only another way of saying that he finds it difficult—instead of being helped and encouraged to stick on and make a job of it. When a boxer or a swimmer or a tennis-player wishes to improve his capacity he does not give up his physical exercises the moment he begins to tire. He goes on doing a bit more and a bit more until his muscles will do what he wants them to do. A faculty or a muscle that is used less and less, grows weaker and less able; an increasing demand gets an increasing response. This is a truism in the world of matter; why is it considered a fallacy in the world of mind?

I have no hand in the education of children. But I do have, and have had for many years, the good fortune to be employed in helping the young to start out on a specialised career. I find them nowadays, with few exceptions, heavily handicapped in all mental work by an inability to concentrate. They cannot face and overcome a difficulty and they have no enjoyment of a struggle. They take no pleasure in tackling a job just a little bit too hard, and pulling it off. One would not mind so much if they were happy about it. But they are not; and the more sensitive and creative the student, the deeper his disappointment when his technique fails him, and he finds himself lacking in the concentration needed for the conquest of his material. He has been sent out into the fight without his most necessary weapon; with his mental muscles weakened by disuse and by the habit of taking the line of least resistance. One might, indeed, say that the emphasis laid by modern educationalists on the development of the imagination, if unaccompanied by the habit of hard work, is actually harmful to the individual; as the clearer the pictured ideal, the greater the contrast between it and its easily attainable embodiment, and the more intense the discouragement of the student.

From these general criticisms, I must, in fairness, except the Council Schools. I know very little of their methods; and any students who reach my hands from this source do so at the price of effort and concentration of no common sort. My knowledge of modern educational methods is largely derived from books. But my knowledge of their results is first-hand, and my conclusions are unprejudiced by adherence to any educational theory. "Does it work?" is, for me, the test of success. And, so far as the young people with whom I am brought into contact are concerned, I say that "modern" educational method does not.

W. L. S.

AUNTS

I HAVE had a charming letter from a lady reproaching me because, in making a list recently of classes of human beings whom everybody agrees to make fun of, I omitted to mention the long-suffering class to which she herself belongs.

"Why," she asks me, "when writing of the caricatured, did you leave out the most universal and innocent victim of odious jokes—I mean aunts? A peer can drop his title, like B. R., a workman drop his job and go on the dole; but we—what can we do? If you are a parent or a husband, it is your own fault, but surely no one is an aunt by choice. . . . Every week we are represented in pictures and print as either silly old sentimental noodles, afraid to cross the street with our dogs and cats, or detestable, cross killjoys, giving or getting mean and incongruous presents and paying unwished-for and uninvited visits. Why, indeed, should we be all Aunt Sallies, just to be thrown insults at? Why Aunt, not Mother, or Mrs. or Lady Sally? For my own part, I have little to complain of. The numerous clan to whom I am aunt treat me with civil indifference—some even go so far as to appear to regard me as one of themselves—of course, the greatest of compliments. When rather puffed up with this condescension, I remember that being easily taken in is the mark of all my tribe and debunk myself."

When I read this, my first impulse was to make a collection of all the nice things that have been written about aunts and to send them to the lady for her consolation. For this purpose I took down Sir Gurney Benham's *Book of Quotations* and opened it at the index. My eye fell on a column of references to "Angels." "Ah," I thought, "if there are all these references to angels, there must be still more references to those angels in human form—aunts." What was my astonishment on turning to the word "Aunt" to find that there were only two references to aunts in the whole dictionary. One of them ran: "If my aunt had been a man, she'd have been my uncle." The other, apparently a translation of a German proverb, ran: "If my aunt had wheels, she would be an omnibus." Neither of these proverbs can be said to be derogatory to aunts, but, on the other hand, neither of them is a glowing compliment of the kind of which I was in search.

I then turned to the index of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Alas, the only aunt who gets a section to herself in the *Encyclopaedia* is Aunt Sally: "a grotesque female figure" with a pipe stuck in her mouth or her forehead—as like to a real aunt as I to Hercules. There is one other aunt mentioned in the index—the Aunt Judy of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, a children's magazine edited by Mrs. Gatty. "'Aunt Judy,'" we are told, "was the nickname given by her daughter, Juliana Horatia Ewing." One cannot help wondering whether it was the young Juliana's retort discourteous to the names that had been given to herself in baptism.

Have aunts, then, never been estimated at their true worth? Has the truth never been told about them in print? I have a chaotic memory for literature, and it may be that there have been famous eulogies of aunts than I can remember. I can remember but two. First, there is that splendid aunt, Aunt Jobiska, who looked after the welfare of the Pobble Who Had No Toes—who made him drink lavender water tinged with pink, and who "made him a feast, at his earnest wish, of eggs and buttercups fried with fish," combining the virtues of a good nurse and a fairy godmother. Equally just as a tribute to auntship are Robert Louis Stevenson's lines, "To Auntie":

> *Chief of my aunts*—not only I
> But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
> *What did the other children do?*
> *And what were childhood, wanting you?*

That, it seems to me, is the way in which every properly behaved nephew should address his aunt. Yet you would imagine from their writings that most men of letters had never had such a relative.

Even Lamb, despite his profoundly affectionate nature, never quite understood the essential greatness and goodness of aunts. He begins well: "I had an aunt, a dear and a good one," but he goes on disappointingly: "She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world." His Aunt Sarah cuts a rather grotesque figure as she irritates Mr. Billett at the table by pressing a second helping of pudding on him in the sentence: "Do take another slice, Mr. Billett, for you do not get pudding every day." "The old gentleman," writes Lamb, "said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—'Woman, you are superannuated.'" Had Lamb been a more loyal nephew, I think he would have drawn a veil over a scene in which his aunt met merely with humiliation and insult as a result of her reckless hospitality with the pudding.

Outside literature, I am sure, most of us are devoted to our aunts. I have never met one of those Gorgon aunts whom Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has invented for the chastisement of Bertie Wooster and Ukridge. Some of my earliest memories are of going down into the country and being met at the railway station by an angelic aunt who drove me to my grandfather's farm. How happy she seemed to see me! How expertly she held the reins! What an entrancing world she seemed to live in as she talked! How beautiful sounded her laughter! And, at the door of the farmhouse, another aunt was waiting to greet us, making us feel with her welcome that we had arrived at the capital of earthly bliss. The tea that followed increased, if possible, the illusion of being in Paradise. To be young among three kinds of jam, four kinds of baked bread, and all manner of cakes, including slim-cake, was certainly something approaching very Heaven. It is one of the great virtues of aunts that they have no scruples about encouraging one to overeat at an age at which one is able to overeat. How often have I felt like a purring cat at the sound of those blessed words: "You're eating nothing, Y," and gone on valiantly with another enormous slice of hot and delicious bakery trebly fortified with home-made strawberry jam!

Nor did this lavish hospitality cease with tea. Before going to bed, those treasures from tins—animal biscuits and letter biscuits—appeared on the table with milk that even a town child could realise was, unlike most milk, something to store in a gourmet's memory; and, if I ate through the entire Noah's Ark and the alphabet, there was none to say me nay. I shall always associate aunts with animal biscuits and letter biscuits. What finer compliments could we pay to aunts than that?

There is something in the relationship between aunts and their nephews and nieces that is quite unlike any other relationship. In the company of their aunts, nephews and nieces know that they are privileged persons. The bonds of duty are somehow released: they have no obligations but to be happy. They have, in the country, the freedom of the farmyard and the freedom of the fields, which is considerably nearer Heaven than the freedom of the streets or the freedom of a town garden. They are permitted to feed hens and to collect eggs, and to ride horses to the drinking-pond, and to talk on equal terms with those mighty men, farm-labourers. I never knew an aunt to interfere with my happiness except on a Sunday, when it was generally thought to be a sin to go into the fruit-garden and eat gooseberries. It was in accordance with the Ten Commandments to eat gooseberries from a dish in the house but not to eat them from a bush. Even then, when in a state of revolt I would entangle one of my aunts in a theological argument at the tea-table and counter her appeal to the memory of John Knox with the passionate declaration: "John Knox was a scoundrel," she would turn aside my blasphemy with angelic forgiveness and tell me an interesting, if harrowing, story about the death of Voltaire. I knew nothing about either Knox or Voltaire, but I resented not being able to get at the gooseberries. Ungracious boy!

Had I forgotten that that very afternoon I had been given a shilling for learning by heart the rhymed version of the shortest of the Psalms?

Looking back, I can see that there is nothing to be said against aunts. They have at once the intimacy of relations and the charm of strangers. They are grown up and yet without authority. They are perfect conversationalists. And they give animal biscuits to their nephews and nieces.

Why men took to jeering at aunts I cannot imagine. I think it can be explained only by the innate anti-feminism of most of our sex. As for myself, I would rather have missed seeing St. Peter's and the Louvre and the Prado and the Pavilion at Brighton than the noble and two-shilling-bit-giving galaxy of my aunts. I suspect I must be one of Nature's nephews. Y. Y.

Correspondence

ARE ITALY AND GERMANY AT WAR WITH SPAIN?

SIR,—I am puzzled by something in the interesting article by "Barrister" in your last issue. He demonstrates pretty conclusively that the belligerent activities of Germany and Italy in Spain do in fact constitute their "making war on the Spanish Government," and he justly points out that this would "amount to a breach of the Covenant and the Pact of Paris." But he goes on to say that "the question is even more fundamental than that," viz., that such action is "a complete denial of the laws of neutrality, the building up of which has been one of the main achievements of public international law during the last two centuries."

To me this suggests that he does not regard the later instrument as over-riding the earlier practice. Or is he, as a realist, treating the situation as one in which it is no longer possible to assume the Covenant as operative, so flagrantly and universally have its obligations been repudiated by the members of the League? That may be a correct reading of the present situation, and perhaps the most helpful; for, as things are, the League and its Covenant appear to be definitely a stumbling-block to any decent observance of international practice. The obligation is evaded or openly transgressed when such a line is deemed convenient, yet invoked to preclude any observance of an older international law or custom. Would it not be as well to reckon with facts and no longer to countenance the hampering of decent conduct by attachment to the corpse-bogy of Geneva? At present we are put by our Government in the position of making the worst of both worlds.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am still an ardent advocate of "the collective system" as the only sane international policy. My point is that the British policy to-day does not constitute support of any such system except a collectivity of wrongdoers. And I find it unspeakably nauseating that we should still be angling for Italian adherence to "a new Locarno," contemptibly ignoring Ethiopia and Spain. E. M. WHITE

Gravels, Radlett.

THE GOVERNMENT'S FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—May I be permitted to make one or two remarks on a subject which you discuss in your editorial of March 20th, namely, the foreign policy of the present National Government? I think that it is misleading to suggest that "... their international policy is one of drift," and again, that they are "lacking in policy."

On the contrary I suggest that their policy has been extremely consistent. There are two policies tasteful to the National Government, these at first seeming quite compatible but gradually becoming increasingly divergent. One might call the first the "ideological policy" of undermining Communism by encouraging (albeit quietly) Fascism. The second policy is the pure defence of imperialist interests, in the long run threatened by the encouraged Fascist bloc. I suggest that it is of supreme importance to realise that since 1931 there has been an almost continuous operation of the former ideological policy (less euphemistically "the class policy") even though it has meant a decided weakening in British Imperialism. It is therefore not surprising that some of the Tory leaders have taken a critical attitude to the veiled support of German rearmament considered as an ultimate threat to Imperial interests: in other words, they are rather afraid that the viper that has been so carefully nourished to devour Communism may turn out to be rather ungrateful. F. F. SNOWDON

7 Abbot's Road, N.W.6.

UNIVERSITY HOOLIGANISM

SIR,—I have, at any rate, no doubts in regard to the good intentions of Mr. Israel Cohen, and I am certainly no whit less sincere than he is, or than you are, in deploring the childish excesses which appear to have taken place recently in Central and Eastern Europe. Already they constitute a smirch on the good names of the universities concerned.

I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Cohen that it is any part of this country's, or indeed of any other country's, business, to bring pressure to bear on the Polish, Rumanian and Hungarian Governments with a view to compelling them to sweep away the universities' "mediaeval right of autonomy which prevents the police from entering except when specially summoned." I disagree partly on the ground that we have no right whatsoever either to play the grandmother to Central Europe or even to assume that the authorities are not themselves alive to the difficult urgencies of the situation; partly on the ground that any interference on our part, human nature being what it is, might have precisely the opposite effect from that which we intended.

The Endek-Jewish disturbances are disgraceful, and I feel for the Dean of Jassy University who has, like the never-to-be-forgotten Jenkins, been so unfortunate as to lose an ear. But even if the missing ear could be secured and pickled and brought to London in a jam-jar for the edification of the President of the League of Nations Union, I still cannot see what difference it would make. There are many things going on in the world to-day of which many of us intensely disapprove. But what, I wonder, would our feelings have been if extraneous pressure had been brought to bear on us in connection with the Hindu-Moslem riots in India, the former Boer question in South Africa, the Arab-Jew question in Palestine, the Irish "troubles" and the actions of the "black and tans," etc? Let us pay regard—if we must—to hooliganism in Bethnal Green before we turn to Cracow. Let us see that our consciences are clear in regard to conditions in the back streets of Poplar or the derelict areas at Jarrow before we start handing out gratuitous advice to Pecs, or Debreczin, or Cluj. PHILIP M. MAGNUS

14a Berkeley Street, W.1.

ACCIDENT PRONENESS

SIR,—In his kindly notice of my book on *Accidents and their Prevention*, your reviewer misunderstood what I wrote about the identification of accident-prone persons by means of psychological tests. I stated that such tests, if applied to groups of motor drivers or industrial workers, might be able to separate them into two classes, one of which suffered accidents two to five times more frequently than the other; but this is an *average* result, and does not apply to all the members of each class. I specially remarked that "it seems unlikely that any battery of tests will ever be evolved which will enable even the most highly skilled psychologist to identify an accident-prone person with any degree of certainty," and I added, "For the present, therefore, it will usually be necessary to fall back on the rough and ready method of trial and error." In order to follow this method, *every* accident incurred by a person in the course of his avocation ought to be recorded, and if it is found that he experiences more than one or two accidents in the course of a limited period, he ought either to be transferred to some other occupation in which accidents are not likely to be incurred, or to receive special instruction in the best methods of avoiding accidents. This advice is particularly important in its application to motor drivers who meet with accidents. All such accidents, if they come to the knowledge of the police, ought to be recorded on the driver's licence, even if there is no conviction and even if there is good reason to suspect that the driver was blameless. Such a complete record is warranted by the fact that in the great majority of accidents it is impossible to fix the blame as between the motorist and the pedestrian or other person injured. The motorist could always maintain that the accidents recorded on his licence were in no

sense his fault, but if in course of time they gradually mounted up, it would become more and more evident that he was an accident-prone person, and that he ought to take appropriate precautions. According to the Road Traffic Acts of 1930 and 1934, a person convicted of certain offences is supposed to have his licence suspended or endorsed unless the court prevents this result for "special" reasons. The irregular manner in which this provision is carried out was indicated in a circular sent last autumn by the Home Secretary to magistrates and others. It pointed out that while the proportion of licences endorsed after conviction for careless driving was 47 per cent. throughout the country, they varied in different districts from 96 per cent. to *nil*. These irregularities of practice are most unfair to motorists in different areas, and they could easily be avoided by making it compulsory to record all convictions without exception, as well as all accidents.

94 Prince of Wales' Mansions, H. M. VERNON
S.W.11.

THE FACTORIES BILL

SIR,—There has been much discussion on the Factories Bill in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and elsewhere, but as yet I have not seen it compared with the Irish conditions of employment Act 1936.

The Factory and Workshop Act 1901 applied to the Irish Free State until, in May, 1936, large parts of it were repealed by the Conditions of Employment Act, described as "an Act to make further and better provision for regulating and controlling the conditions of employment of workers in industrial work."

It might have been supposed that the new Factories Bill, now before Parliament, although mainly a consolidating measure, would have achieved at least some of the improved conditions already in force in Ireland—here, working hours are limited to 9 in any day and 48 in any week, not merely for women and young persons but for *all adult workers*. Young persons, for whom there is no special provision in the new English Factories Bill, in Ireland are forbidden to work longer than 8 hours in any day and 40 in any week. Night work is also prohibited for young persons except in a few special occupations when it is allowed for boys over 16.

A week's annual holiday, with pay, compulsory in Ireland, is one of the most needed reforms, and is still not mentioned in the English Bill. Admittedly there are few things in which Ireland is ahead of Great Britain, but surely this is one.

20 Upper Mount Street, MARY F. ROBERTSON
Dublin.

PEACE PAVILION AT PARIS EXHIBITION

SIR,—A unique opportunity for forwarding a constructive Peace policy based on a strong League of Nations occurs in connection with the forthcoming International Exhibition at Paris. Detailed plans have been prepared for a striking Peace Pavilion at the very entrance to the grounds.

It will be noticed that an integral part of the design of Monsieur Jacques Carlu, the Exhibition architect, is a great column, which will be floodlit and visible from every part of Paris. Since the French Trade Unionists and Ex-Servicemen have pledged their support, visitors paying for admission to the Pavilion are estimated at several millions. Semi-circular in shape, it has space for meetings, concerts, plays and film shows. Two halls will contrast the misery and waste of War with the potentialities of Peace; a third will show the history of the Peace movement throughout the ages, culminating in the world-wide appeal of the International Peace Campaign, and showing the means by which the almost universal desire for Peace can be made a reality. There will be numerous opportunities for presenting the works of British theatrical and film artists and musicians to an international public.

From French sources £25,000 has been contributed to defray ground rent, construction of the column and illumination for the duration of the Exhibition (May 1st till October, or longer). Further guarantees, to cover the construction and decoration of the Pavilion, amounting to £5,000 are urgently required. There is good reason to hope that gate money received will make it unnecessary to call on sums guaranteed. Already £1,800 has been secured. Since the Exhibition authorities have to make up their programme they wish to know immediately whether the International Peace Campaign is in a position to build its Peace Pavilion.

In order that the plans can be proceeded with, will any one prepared to guarantee the whole or part of the balance of £3,200 please communicate immediately with the undersigned (Telephone and Telegrams: Sloane 2300, London). It is with confidence that we appeal to the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION not to let slip this magnificent opportunity of bringing the great potentialities of the International Peace Campaign before an immense international public.

On behalf of the British National Committee,
International Peace Campaign,
NORMAN ANGELL
PHILIP J. NOEL-BAKER
ALAN BUSH
MARJORIE CORBETT-ASHBY
IDA S. A. HALL (Treasurer)

18 Grosvenor Crescent Mews,
London, S.W.1.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

SIR,—It is really rather tiresome of Mr. Purdom to drag my "ignorance" so gratuitously into your Correspondence columns. But though the accusation can be of little interest to anyone but myself, it is of some importance that the significance of Ebenezer Howard's garden-city conception should be made clear.

There are really two ideas behind it. The first is that of the "satellite town." Howard advocated this and has been much praised for it by Mr. Purdom and others. But it was not an original idea of Howard's: it had been advocated by James Silk Buckingham fifty years earlier. It is an idea of great importance, and one on which, I believe, all our future town building in England should be based. Up till now it has been practically ignored.

The other idea, which is Howard's own, is that of "Town-Country," the de-urbanisation of the town into a vast hamlet of little cottages standing in their own gardens. This is what garden-city usually means to-day, and it is this idea, badly mismanaged, that has been responsible for the progressive suburbanisation of England and for the destruction of the civic ideal. Mr. Purdom may like Town-Country. I don't. But I am not going to accuse him of ignorance on that account. THOMAS SHARP

Witton-le-Wear.
Co. Durham.

SIR HERBERT BARKER

SIR,—As the sender of the Note about Sir Herbert Barker which provoked Dr. Browne's letter, may I very briefly reply to it? First, as to the withholding of knowledge. Sir Herbert lectured on his methods at St. Thomas's Hospital last July. The lectures were attended by a large audience composed of members of the medical profession, which did not, however, apparently include Dr. Browne. Concurrently with the lectures Sir Herbert demonstrated his methods on a score of patients while the doctors looked on. This does not sound to me like the "holding up of knowledge." If, having been prevented from benefiting from the demonstrations in July, Dr. Browne still requires to know how Sir Herbert works, Sir Herbert assures me that he will be delighted to show him on the living body of whatever patient Dr. Browne cares to bring to him. He can then answer the questions about displaced cartilages and their recurrence into a discussion of which a layman would do ill to venture. C. E. M. JOAD

4 East Heath Road,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

[We have received several communications vindicating Sir Herbert Barker, and pointing out that similar charges were made by Dr. Browne some couple of years ago in the *Lancet* and refuted both in its columns and in other papers. And nearly twenty years ago Sir Herbert Barker himself wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* (October, 1917) answering those who were criticising him at that time.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

SLIPSHOD ENGLISH

SIR,—While heartily agreeing with the spirit of Mr. Charles Freeston's criticisms of slipshod modern English, I feel that he falls into the opposite error of wishing to crystallise the language and arrest its development at the Victorian stage. Language is like Topsy; it just growed. If you wish to make grown-up Topsy behave just as she did as a girl, or old Topsy as when she was in the prime of life, you will be disappointed. If we give artificial respiration to the obsolete accusative "whom," we must surely resurrect the nominative "ye" or even "thou,"

Why shouldn't " data " be regarded as a singular noun? Neither the King's English nor the Professors' Latin can prevent it. "These data" is a clumsy phrase. " This data " is more natural and more efficiently performs its function. The reduction of plurals to collective singulars is a characteristic of linguistic development. I believe many Latin neuter plurals became feminine singulars in French. The Greek use of a singular verb after a neuter plural noun may be an example of a similar psychological attitude. Would Mr. Freeston parse " candelabra " as singular?

The grammarian, like the astronomer, must be content to observe; he may not presume to legislate.

Of course there is such a thing as slipshod English, but it is by no means a modern phenomenon. Dickens is only one of many great writers of past times who have been guilty of linguistic carelessness. And talking of unrelated adjectival phrases, what about this from the *Forsyte Saga*:

" Tall as himself, strong in the cheekbones, well tailored, something in her face disturbed Soames."

Nor are irregularities of number restricted to the moderns, for what of this euphonious howler: " Of his bones are coral made "?

B. W. VINCENT

Thorpe Hall School,
Thorpe Hall Avenue,
Thorpe Bay, Essex.

SIR,—I can assure Mr. Charles L. Freeston that I am not capable of writing such a phrase as " to rub down each phenomena." The word " phenomenon " appears both in the manuscript of *The Thinking Reed* and on page 89 of the American edition, which was published first. I cannot understand how the error appeared in the English edition, which was supposed to follow the American proofs. My books are nearly all full of misprints, as I am the worst proof-reader in the world: but even that sad circumstance does not entirely explain this happening.

REBECCA WEST

15 Orchard Court,
Portman Square, W.1.

SCOTTISH AMBULANCE UNIT IN SPAIN

SIR,—I am loath to ask you again for space to appeal on behalf of the wounded and famine-stricken people in and around Madrid, but the reports I am receiving from Miss Jacobsen and Dr. Crome, as well as from the British Embassy, are such that no people of goodwill could read them unmoved and without wishing to help.

The Unit has worked out, under the new guidance, a system much more efficient and helpful than that of the September to December campaign. The *personnel* is now divided into two groups working alternately, those at the Front transporting wounded to hospital, the others distributing parcels of food to the most desperate cases of starvation discovered in the course of carefully recorded visitations, as previously explained. This, of course, is much more efficient and fairer than having crowds coming to the ambulances, which usually meant the weakest and neediest faring worst. Many of those on our lists are what are called " Evacuados "—non-combatants whose homes and all they possessed had been destroyed by bombs and shells in the neighbouring villages or in Madrid itself. " The boys " were busy one afternoon helping the survivors to carry to a place of comparative safety mattresses and anything else they could save out of the ruin of a house where four had been killed.

The foodstuffs (costing nearly £700) sent with the new lorries in January, and added to by purchases through the goodness of the commander of a battleship of the Royal Navy, are, as the Quartermaster reports, " rapidly diminishing " and, alas, they are not yet paid for! Another large consignment left London last week for Gibraltar to be transferred there to H.M. ships and delivered at Valencia, where the ever helpful Mr. Ogilvie Forbes, British Chargé d'Affaires will see them forwarded to the Unit. A further large quantity ought to be leaving early in April, and the treasury is empty!

The matter is urgent, the need desperate. I appeal to all who have not yet subscribed to do so now and generously, and may I beg those who have already subscribed to come again to our aid? Subscriptions sent to me at 5 Cleveden Road, Glasgow, will be gratefully acknowledged.

D. M. STEVENSON (Chairman)

Glasgow.

MUSEUMS

SIR,—Mr. Boulenger has let off far too lightly the authorities responsible for the development of Museums in Great Britain.

Let us take the example of the Collections dealing with Ethnography, Ethnology and Folklore. We possess some of the richest material in the world, much of it several hundreds of years old, and yet in the whole of Britain there is hardly one Museum intelligently arranged and fitted to attract and educate the public. I should like to voice an especially loud protest about the Ethnographical Collections of the British Museum. When I was in England last summer I visited them several times; after each visit I came away with deepening despair. Here is material which, if set out and arranged scientifically and attractively, would fill five or six times as much space and would instruct, instead of merely providing something for small boys in the explorer-cowboy stage to gape at. As a German Ethnographer remarked to me as we came out, the whole thing is " peinlich." And that in the most famous Museum in the world!

In Germany, every large town has its Museum of Ethnography. Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Rumania and Finland all have at least one open-air Museum, an Ethnographers' Whipsnade: Britain, cultural centre of an enormous Empire, has none.

Nor is it entirely a question of money. The museum in which I have the honour to be studying is an example of what can be done in twelve years with practically no money. I have seen what can be accomplished by the persistence and conviction of a single man. I feel it is a question of attitude. We have fixed notions and theories and new ideas are ridiculed or voted impracticable without ever setting our hearts on making the change.

An enthnographical museum should be overflowing with diapositives, maps, models and reconstructions. If money doesn't permit the transatlantic luxury Mr. Boulenger tells of, then do it in miniature! A museum is, for the public, an instructive recreation, an introduction to the unknown world. It should not be a calvary from the " Starling, Bird of Paradise and Thrush," to the " Tertiary Fossils."

Has it never occurred to anyone that Museum Publications should not stop at handbooks, guides and catalogues? Simple models to be made in schools and kept as permanent exhibits, can be planned and produced by the museum staff. Lantern lectures, taken from the photographic collections, with their text, could be prepared and lent by the Museum.

No, money, for once, has a role of less importance to play. A few people need to wake up, get together and agitate; and to go on agitating and working till something emerges.

The study of primitive man, his life and development, should take a first place in education, because out of his life our society of to-day has evolved: an understanding of the origins will fit us better for dealing with the results.

JOHN MARTIN-JONES

Muzeul Etnografic şi Parcul Naţional
Cluj, Rumania.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—Under the title " No Passaran " you publish a review of Geoffrey Cox's book *Defence of Madrid*. The last words of this review are, " many of the Spanish names are misspelt." This should have put you on your guard. As the slogan of Madrid's defenders is becoming well known here, it might be as well to point out that it should read " No Pasarán."

A. MARTINEZ

Walton Hospital,
Liverpool.

[The pot tenders its apologies to the kettle.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

EDGAR WALLACE

SIR,—I am collecting material for a biography of my father-in-law, the late Edgar Wallace, and should be glad to hear from any of your readers who were closely associated with him before the year 1905. All letters, photographs, documents, etc., which any of your readers are kind enough to let me see will be carefully looked after and returned as quickly as possible to their owners. The title of the biography, which is to be published by Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd., will be *The Life and Death of Edgar Wallace*.

MARGARET LANE WALLACE
(Margaret Lane)

511 Collingwood House,
Dolphin Square, S.W.1.

Miscellany

BUSONI'S FAUST

THERE was a rare assemblage of musicians at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, March 17th, to hear the concert performance given by the B.B.C. under Sir Adrian Boult of Busoni's opera, *Doktor Faust*, which was produced for the first time at the Dresden Opera under Fritz Busch on May 21st, 1925, a year after the death of Busoni, but which had never been heard in this country.

Busoni (1866–1924) was one of the greatest pianists of his time, but he was also a life-long composer whose works, however, seemed more interesting than compelling. But he was a man of such outstanding personality and exceptional intellectual power that his influence and prestige caused all he did to be treated, especially after his death, with studied consideration. *Doktor Faust* was his largest, last and most ambitious work and, consequently, until it was performed, there had to be considerable reservation in making any judgments upon him as a composer.

Here I must interpolate a word of caution in the light of what I am going to say about *Doktor Faust*. A colleague met me in the hall after the performance by Weingartner of the Brahms C minor Symphony, and said reproachfully: "How can you call the composer of that third-rate!" I had to explain to him that I designedly used the word third-*rank* for the category in which I had placed Brahms in order to avoid the depreciatory inferences which the word "third-*rate*" now has colloquially. Far from being uncomplimentary to say of a composer that he is in the third class of the musical hierarchy, it is an enormous compliment. But everything is so vulgarised and cheapened nowadays by the slip-shod practice of so much journalism that our words begin to lose all meaning. I know there are people, for example, who consider Noel Coward to be the equal of Shakespeare, but Mr. Noel Coward himself would, I imagine, hardly feel insulted if I were to say that, in my opinion, he is not in the third rank of English writers as is, for example, Dickens.

Doktor Faust is based rather on the old German puppet-play than on Goethe's drama, and we are told that he was also influenced by Marlowe, whose play he read in 1912. He completed his own libretto by Christmas, 1914, and was occupied with the music until his death when there was only the final monologue to be composed, which was done by Busoni's pupil Jarnach. The libretto in itself is significant of the gulf between creative genius and great intellectual ability, and I am afraid I have had to come to the same conclusion about the music.

There is a significant sentence in Professor Edward J. Dent's introduction which I shall quote for the light it shows on this peculiarly modern uncreative type of mind whose enormous ability is, finally, sterile.

> It is characteristic of Busoni that what he makes Faust ask of the Devil is not merely wealth and sensual pleasure but genius and intellectual freedom. Faust seduces the Duchess of Parma, but there is no "love-duet" between them. The dead child, which is brought so often before us is intended to be the symbol of Faust's own will. He does not understand this himself at first and is deliberately misled by Mephistopheles who conjures up the deceptive ideal of Helena. Faust then realises the futility of this and in the last scene realises too the futility of religious belief. He finally succeeds by a supreme effort of the will, in transferring his own life to that of the child and his invocation to the child shows us that Busoni was here viewing himself (as he indeed often said) in the light of a "beginner" or initiator whose ideas were to be taken up and developed further by his disciples and by their successors.

Nobody can accuse me of lack of appreciation of Busoni; but one is forced to admit that a man can be a very remarkable musician and have great intellectual capacity without being a creative artist as a composer. The first thing one has to say is that just as there is "no love-duet" (as is proudly but revealingly boasted!) so there is no seduction and no Duchess of Parma. In fact, nothing comes to life in this opera at all, for it is throughout laboured, artificial and completely unconvincing. Some critics unwilling to go to the root of the trouble have written unfavourably of Busoni's vocal writing in *Doktor Faust*. They cannot fail to notice the utter lack of any spontaneity or ease in the music and they seek the explanation in Busoni's apparent disregard for the voice. But this extreme awkwardness and lack of natural expression is characteristic of the music as a whole, although I admit that it is most marked in the vocal parts. We may say that the purely instrumental sections of *Doktor Faust* are the best; but I maintain that they are the best only by contrast and that given as excerpts in the concert hall they would also fail to be convincingly expressive. What merit is there, for instance, in the orchestral interlude between the First and Second Prologue? I can see very little indeed. I would say—and to me this is a fatal criticism—that there is not one inevitable accent in the music of *Doktor Faust* from beginning to end, while the music of Wagner—poor in quality as it is, judged by the highest standards—is full of inevitable accents, which is just what makes it effective and genuine in its debased way. But Busoni, who loathed Wagner's music and had too fine a critical intelligence not to be aware of its weakness, was nevertheless incapable of creating a work on the plane of his ambition and I claim him as, in this respect, typically modern.

What is the most noticeable feature of the music and the literature of our time? I should say it was the excess of the critical faculties in comparison with the creative. Nearly all the creative work seems to be taking place on the lower levels, while the intellectuals seem to be cursed with a highly critical sterility. Their works are "made"—made often out of a considerable culture by an acute intelligence, but nevertheless made, not created. And why is this? It is because there is no love and no belief in their hearts and consequently none in their works. Fancy a composer being proud of the fact that there was no love-duet between his principal lovers! Well, he might have expressed their love in some other way; but actually what he was proud of is that there was no "love" between them either. And yet there was a child! How did this child of Faust and the Duchess of Parma get born? We cannot say "God knows," for, as Busoni-Dent makes clear, Faust realises "the futility of religious belief." As a matter of fact the child admittedly was born dead, which is hardly surprising, seeing that neither God nor love participated in its birth, but, like *Doktor Faust*, it was an offspring of will.

Now we realise why Busoni made Faust ask for genius. Genius, Busoni no doubt imagined, would be a substitute for love; but genius is a form of creative love and the lack of love is not to be supplied by any amount of hard cerebration.

Doktor Faust lasted about three hours. It was very exhausting to listen to with concentration, for one got absolutely nothing from it, whereas really creative works are immensely refreshing and stimulating. Nevertheless, it was well worth performing, if only to show how many elements need to be combined in one person to make a great composer.

W. J. TURNER

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS"

O MIST-WREATHED summits, ancient of days,
O gleaming tarn and shadowy glen!
Mark you and mourn you all the schemes of men,
Their fearful prayers, their shouts of praise?

From rock to rock the thick-fleeced torrents leap,
The clouds unresting clasp the craggy steep,
Wine-dark the far moors sweep;
Wine-dark, unharvested as Homer's deep,
Twixt Ilium and Ithaca
Vexing the world-wise wanderer,
While sands of Troy whisper to Hector, Sleep.

GEORGE RYLANDS

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CEMETERY

THE funeral paths are spread with snow
About the graves the mourners go
To think of those who lie below.

The churchyard pales are black against the night
And snow hung here seems doubly white.

I have a horror of this place
A horror of each moonlit mourner's face

These people are not familiar
But strange and stranger than strange peculiar
They have that look of a cheese do you know sour-sweet
You can smell their feet.

Yet must I tread about my dead
And guess the forms within the grave
And hear the clank of jowl on jowl
Where low lies kin no love could save.

Yet stand I by my grave as they by theirs. Oh bitter Death
That brought their love and mine unto a coffin-breadth.

STEVIE SMITH

ANYONE'S HIGHWAY

"JUST a minute, Buddy. Where are you goin'?"

A U.S. Customs Officer stepped from his office as I dropped one half of a return ticket into the provided box.

"To a show. Why?" I was afraid and wanted to seem brazen. "Why?" I asked.

"Where from?"

"Chippewa, Ontario."

"What address?"

I hesitated while he blinked, and then his bulbous eyes caught me again.

"43, Amazon Street."

"43, Amazon Street? Amazon? Never heard of it." He spoke without decision. Perhaps there was such a street? He did not seem to know. I did not know. He tried to recall it and I prompted. "It's a small street—near where I work."

"Where's that?"

I mentioned a factory I had heard of but never seen. "I look after a furnace."

"How long you gonna be in the States?"

"About three hours, I guess."

He examined me carefully, looked into my eyes, summed me up. "O.K.," he said. "Beat it."

I was casual; I did my best to be casual but I was in full view of the bridge. Ahead was Boston and a job, but I could only think back to where the officer's eyes were fixed suspiciously on my nervous rear. I wanted to look round, to make sure it was all right. I wanted to know that I was safely into the United States, but legs took command and hurried me round the first corner into a steam-filled cafe.

I sat over a cup of coffee and, after some time, the proprietor spoke to me. He knew all about kids coming in from Canada, he said. Hundreds did it every day and he could spot them every time. I told him about myself, how I had an introduction to someone in Boston who might give me a job; I had not worked for months and had hardly any money. He gave me a meal and when a large, clean-shaven man called Mac paid his bill he asked him to give me a lift out of town.

"Sure," said Mac, as he helped himself to a tooth-pick, and, thanking the proprietor, I followed Mac to his truck.

After an hour Mac pulled up by a side road.

"Guess I ain't goin' no furder. Best o' luck, kid."

I listened to the last sound of the vanished lorry and when I could no longer hear it, walked into the loneliness of the dark highway.

The wind swept the falling snow into my face and wailed drearily on the telephone wires. Cars swooped upon me, blinding me with their headlamps, clanking their chains, and leaving me dazed in the blackness. Sometimes I swayed blindly to the middle of the road, right where the light had been, and sometimes I swayed away from the road, and then I stumbled into the ditch and was buried in snow. I was soon moving mechanically, my legs jerking up and down, up and down, and when I came to Tonawanda I hardly noticed it because I only saw the white snow and my automatic feet.

Then I was aware that a light had no noise with it, that it was not passing, and I looked up and saw a street-lamp and near it a police station. I walked straight into the warm interior where a sergeant was playing draughts with a stout man in civilian clothes.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

The civilian did not look up, and I thought it was mean that he should get so much time to think of his move. It was a funny thing to think of but I felt that way. Aloud, I said "Can you put me up for the night, sir?" And I told him my story, although I could hardly speak because my jaw was stiff with the cold.

He let me stay and I found the hard, wooden, unmattressed bed luxurious. The cell was warm and, after all, what does it matter if you are locked in? Who would want to go into the snow anyway? It was beautiful the way I slept, hardly dreaming about the job.

It was still snowing next morning and when I saw a freight yard and clouds of white steam rising straight into the cold air, I investigated. A train was made up and I wondered whether I ought to jump it. I had never jumped one before but it looked easy—and the train was headed in the right direction. As I stood looking the train shuddered and the engine puffed loudly—it began to move. I ran beside it and caught hold of the iron stairs that ran up and over a freight car. My feet left the ground and for a moment I swung in the air, then I pulled myself slowly on and held my breath.

We had not been going for more than fifteen minutes when I began to tire. I huddled against the wall but I was half-starved, freezing, and now the wind rushed fiercely round the corner of the car, pulling, pushing, and piercing me with cold fingers. A cinder flew into my eye. I raised my hand to remove it and almost fell. Closing my eyes tightly, tears running down my cheeks, I held on with both hands, too scared to remove the cinder. I became stiff and frozen to the rungs. I hardly noticed when the cinder went but stuck to the ladder, my mind blank, longing to get off. The wheels clacked, clacked over the rails and the words "Get off. Get off. Get off." rang in my ears. Bleak flat lands of snow, wire fences and rising, falling, telephone wires.

We swung round a curve and my hands slid along the rung, my body swayed outwards. There was a sickening feeling in my stomach and I strained to pull myself away from the sucking wind, back to the comparative safety of the car. "Get off. Get off." I almost shouted it aloud and then, suddenly, amazingly, the train slowed. The clacks of the wheels had longer intervals, the wind clawed instead of sucking, and the wires showed grace rather than madness in their undulations. I stared at the ground but we were still going too fast to jump. I could bear it no longer though, I had to get off.

I jumped. My knee hit the corner of the car, throwing me outwards and fiercely downwards. I hit the snow-covered ground flatly, my head burying into the snow. I lay very still.

When I recovered I went to the highway. I was finished with freight cars and made up my mind to keep to the road. I made up my mind and perhaps it was longer and harder work but when I got to Boston next morning I was alive and when I went into a lavatory to wash I thought of that. I turned my shirt inside out so that it was cleaner and went straight to Sears, the department store, and asked for Mr. Green. It was after five and I thought perhaps he had gone home but he hadn't and so half an hour later I knew I had a job, that tomorrow morning I would work again, and that from then on I was to have twelve beautiful dollars every Saturday.

At midnight I was sitting on the embankment of the Charles River because I had no money to lie or sit anywhere else. It was cold and I was not happy but kept on thinking that this would soon be over; and I thought of food, clothes, and a real bed every night.

Something poked me in the back; it was a hard poke and I turned round quickly. A cop stood behind me.

"What are you doin' here?"

I explained.

"Yeah?"

"What else can I do?" I asked.

"You can come along of me," and he jerked me to my feet. "We ain't havin' no hoboes round here."

I was charged with vagrancy at Joy Street police station and protested. I did more than that. I shouted the place down. The cop hit me on the ear and I fell; when I came to it was morning and I was in a cell and had a headache.

There was a new cop there and he listened to me. I said, "Why not 'phone Sears?" and they did. Roebucks said it was all right, and that I had a job with them. They asked some questions.

"Oh, it's nothin' serious," the cop on the 'phone said.

"No. No. Well, I don't want to do him no harm."

"I don't know. Guess he must have. They usually do."

He hung up the receiver.

"Sorry, son," he said, "you're O.K. Better get along there quick."

I went to the time-keeper and asked for my card. He had none for me and said I'd better see Mr. Green; but his secretary said he was busy, and would I wait? I waited and felt quite happy, only a little self-conscious because I was so dirty. Then she gave me an envelope which I knew would be a time card and I opened it in the passage to make sure.

There was a five-dollar bill and a note. It said that although Sears and Company knew I was not a criminal, it was a fixed rule of the firm never to employ anyone with a police record. Mr. Green was sorry he could not help me and hoped the enclosed would see me through until something turned up and he knew something would before long.

But I was not so sure and felt like crying—right there in the passage. My police record! I stood still, quite still, just wondering what to do. There was nothing to do, absolutely nothing.

CHARLES LANDERY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," at the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road

"Macbeth," at the Sloane School, Chelsea

Amateur dramatic societies perhaps because of mistaken modesty usually choose to perform "West End successes"—that is, plays designed as shop-windows for the display of professional skill. In fact, the classic masterpieces are much easier to perform, because the vigour of the dialogue overcomes any inadequacies in the performance. It shows great sense as well as enterprise in the Dramatic Society of the Working Men's College to produce Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, a moral and melodramatic comedy of thoughtless autocracy and unscrupulous social-climbing cits. Mr. Ripsher, the producer, played Justice Greedy (a hungry Justice of Peace) with admirable stomach-smacking abandon. His agony at the thought of losing his "dumpling too, and buttered toasts and woodcocks," was thoroughly convincing, and gave one a wholesome respect for the Jacobean appetite. Mr. M. L. Holland as Wellborn (a prodigal) expounded the play's thesis that good aristocratic credit and virtue are more than a match for bourgeois industry and wiles by carrying his prodigal rags with considerable elegance. Sir Giles Overreach was a very cruel extortioner and was well supported by his term-driving creature Marrall. At his best Massinger is hardly subtle, but his social ideas and clarity of plot were well brought out in this production. These ambitious and capable amateurs intend to produce Gogol's *Government Inspector* in May. It will be worth seeing.

The Sloane School performance was also very enjoyable. A less elaborate setting for half the scenes would have vastly improved the production by speeding it up. And it was unnecessary to interpolate into the last Act incongruous military words of command. However much one admires the O.T.C., Dunsinane is not the place for extra platoon-drill. Mr. N. S. Phillips made Lady Macbeth a properly terrifying figure, and Mr. W. S. R. Shaw, if he failed to bring out the Hamlet-like meditative qualities of Macbeth, possessed a magnificent voice and admirable articulation. Mr. K. J. D. Busby as Macduff's son made a small role vivid and delightful; the witches acted with the greatest gusto their sinister incantations; and the procession of apparitions was remarkably well handled. Shakespeare will again become popular if schoolboys are encouraged to act his plays instead of parsing his obscurities.

"Stolen Holiday," New Gallery, Sunday

Why this film should be called *Stolen Holiday* only the Warner Brothers know. They also must know why such a good plot has been allowed to slip so ordinarily into the rut of programme pictures. For nearly half the film they show what excellent material the Stavisky Scandal makes, for the rest they add romance. Of all the autotoxic inventions of the cinema, none equals the bantering gaiety of recent years. But though this is bad enough in romantic comedy, a mawkishly humorous flirtation between the swindler's mannequin-modiste and a lumbering British Diplomat beats everything. This bonhomie completely blots out all the excellent and economical story-telling that has gone before. Though Miss Kay Francis is in far better form than she has been for some time, she is still not at her best, and Mr. Ian Hunter cannot in this film be called good at all. A cad by Claude Rains is nothing new—but it is done with all the assurance that comes of practice. The lesser parts are thorough as ever, and the dresses, something terrific. This might have been an A.1. film—but they couldn't leave the scandal to make its own effect.

"Dark Journey," at the London Pavilion

If we are to believe this film, Stockholm in the Great War was a perfect little heaven, particularly for those not engaged in espionage, counter-espionage, or counter-counter-espionage. It had all the jollity of a war and only 25 per cent. of its danger. The eighteenth-century town, the Royal Palace, and the lapping Fjord compose a prosperous neutral background, and if the choice of dancing places was small, what place there was seems to have been continually crammed with beautiful friendly dames, dancing the turkey-trot, turkey-trot. But for our hero and heroine this is busman's hilarity. Miss Vivien Leigh combines the information business with selling dresses, and Mr. Veidt, his monocle flashing never so, cracks hearts to make cover for his own deep plotting. How spies get their precious news we are not told—we are concerned only with a fragment, one cog in an intricate organisation. The atmosphere of mystery is carefully cultivated and only a study of popular literature will prepare one for the event. Many of the figures, with their variegated accents and enigmatic smiles are only mysterious. Mr. Veidt creates the monocled von Manvitz without unduly exerting himself. Miss Leigh is a pretty, innocent little spyess, whose acting like that of the rest of the company is good without being brilliant. The dialogue is quite good too, but there is some indication of its limitations in the fact that the best line is a piece of "cheerful idiocy." A film quite good enough for a wet Bank Holiday.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 26th—
- Royal Choral Society "Messiah," Albert Hall, 2.30.
- "Parsifal" Concert, Queen's Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, March 27th—
- "1066 and All That" (Revival), Cambridge Theatre.

SUNDAY, March 28th—
- J. W. Bentley on "Anti-Semitism and the Workers," Willoughby Hall, Hampstead, 8.

MONDAY, March 29th—
- Opening of Shakespeare Festival: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, 8.
- "Six Men of Dorset," Theatre Royal, Brighton, 8.15
- "Come Out to Play," Kingsway.

TUESDAY, March 30th—
- Opening of Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia.

THURSDAY, April 1st—
- First Performance by Students of the London Theatre Studio, Providence Place, Islington, 8. Till April 6th.
- Royal Philharmonic Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LAURA was sitting with her parents beside the fireside in their rustic cot when a noble youth who informed them that his name was Lindsay (but for particular reasons I shall conceal it under that of Talbot) burst in on them with the news that his father was a mean and mercenary wretch.

> My father seduced by the false glare of Fortune and the Deluding Pomp of Title, insisted on my giving my hand to Lady Dorothea. No never exclaimed I. Lady Dorothea is lovely and Engaging; I prefer no woman to her; but know Sir, that I scorn to marry her in compliance with your wishes. No! Never shall it be said that I obliged my Father.

So he at once married Laura and was able to address his parent with heroic fortitude when next they met:

> Sir Edward, I know the motive of your Journey here—You come with the base Design of reproaching me for having entered into an indissoluble engagement with my Laura without your Consent. But Sir, I glory in the Act—It is my greatest boast that I have incurred the displeasure of my Father!

We laugh at Jane Austen's juvenile skit—yet though the Romantic Movement has passed away, it has left us the legacy of its moral standards. We may think that Lindsay *alias* Talbot was lacking in tact, but no one would question to-day that he was acting within his rights while Sir Edward was exceeding his. For a man to weigh self-interest against his love we think wrong, because experience seems to teach a moral which is the reverse of Jane Austen's. She would indeed have stretched her eyes if she could have heard us say that Talbot would have failed in an essential duty to himself had he obeyed Sir Edward. The idea of filial duty extending to marriage appears as laughable to us. With such prepossessions it is not surprising that Gibbon's behaviour should be condemned; particularly as his famous sentence, "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son," sounds cold-blooded. In a new biography, *Edward Gibbon* (Chatto, 15*s*.), Mr. D. M. Low throws a great deal more light on his celebrated love affair with Suzanne Curchod. So many superficial biographies appear nowadays (some writers produce almost one a year) that it is necessary to say that Mr. Low's is the result of many years' study of his subject and that he has drawn on many unpublished or widely scattered sources of great importance. Several years ago Mr. Low produced an admirable edition of Gibbon's *Journal*; it is to be hoped that one of these days he will provide an edition of *The Letters* and a new edition of the *Miscellaneous Works* which will be worthy to set beside Bury's edition of *The Decline and Fall*.

* * *

The conflict between love and filial duty, which involved also the choice between England and exile, and between writing in English or French, was the turning point in Gibbon's life, but when it was made the decision was final. Yet it is his relations with Mlle. Curchod after he had made it which are so ambiguous and which reflect upon his delicacy and consideration for her feelings. By the time his service in the Militia was over and he was free to set off on his leisurely tour to Italy, he was in no danger of falling in love again, yet he was still very much attracted and took every opportunity to see her and did not hesitate to carry on a violent flirtation with a complete nonentity—an attractive young married woman—in front of her. It looks as though Gibbon were trying to prove to himself that he was right not to have married her; that he was torturing her with jealousy to make her appear in an unfavourable light; that he was seeking to seduce her in order to demonstrate that she was unworthy of his hand. Many details suggest this unpleasant frame of mind. Meanwhile, Mlle. Curchod's friends were asking Rousseau to administer a rebuke to Gibbon on the subject of his behaviour. Luckily he did not visit Rousseau, but even with no knowledge of this conspiracy, he apostrophises her in his Journal, in a passage now published for the first time, as: "Dangerous and artificial girl!" because she had reproached him in a letter for:

> tearing my soul with tortures most deliberately conceived and carried out. . . . I can assure you here, without any prophetic wisdom, that you will one day regret the irreparable loss which you have made in alienating for ever the too tender, too frank heart of S. C.

She was in love and he was not. Moreover, his kind of love was different. Yet her romantic prophesy very nearly came true. Their friendship—which was not resumed for eleven years, when she was Madame Necker and he the most famous of English historians—was deep and intimate. His feeling for her can be judged by Garrick's account of showing him a letter which Madame Necker had written full of enthusiasm for Shakespeare and his acting.

> I could not resist the temptation of showing it to him—he read—stared at me—was silent, then gave it me, with these emphatical words emphatically spoken—*This is the very best letter that ever was written*, upon which, *à la mode d'Angleterre*, the writer was remembered with true devotion and full libations.

And on his visit to Paris little Germaine Necker, the future Madame de Stael, offered to marry M. Gibbon because then he would never need to leave them.

* * *

Mr. Low is as good a critic as he is patient an investigator and is able to discuss Gibbon's achievements as well as to throw new light on the details of his life. Indeed, our intellectual debt to *The Decline and Fall* could scarcely be better summarised than in this sentence:

> What infuriated the pious, even if they did not at once realise the full measure of it, was that Gibbon had broken down for good the frontiers between sacred and secular history. By the simple device of explaining the rise of Christianity through five secondary causes added to the Divine Will, he eliminated God from the field of all historical research for ever. His critics could only change or multiply the secondary causes. . . . The ground may have been prepared by Middleton, Hume and Voltaire. The final drive was Gibbon's own, a very brilliant piece of tactics. It was a signal advance in historical science.

"But think of the heavy leather tomes, the columns of close print and the almost complete absence of modern aids to quick reference," exclaims Mr. Low in speaking of Gibbon's reading as a boy. "Let anyone take up Scaliger's *De emendatione Temporum* to solve a chronological problem and remember the untaught Gibbon consulting it." The intellectual equipment and the pertinacious courage of Gibbon were enormous. About the time of the publication of the last three volumes of the history, Gibbon took his young friend Wilhelm de Severy to see the library of fifty thousand volumes at Buckingham Palace. "You used to think I had many books," he said. "But you see the King has more." "Yes, but has he read them?" asked the young man. Gibbon did more than read his books, he mentally collated them, sifting out everything which was new from that which he had already met elsewhere. His memory and his mental vigour were prodigious and lasted till the day of his death. Yet these powers were combined with a most delightful urbanity, a perpetual good temper which goes with a good digestion, and the capacity of holding his tongue when any other man would have been provoked into a foolish quarrel. He was vain, both of his appearance, which was highly ridiculous, and of his achievement. "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon. Always scribble, scribble, scribble, I suppose?" said George III. Mr. Low shows how much Gibbon did besides scribbling; how full a social life he enjoyed, how he threw himself at all times into talk and into fresh flirtations. If his temper was cool, he was extremely faithful in his attachments and was singularly happy in them. He has been attacked, as an historian, for being incapable of appreciating the poetry of Christianity, which Mr. Low describes as "not very creditable if it is thought or hoped that a deeper sentiment might have blunted the edge of Gibbon's intellect." And he goes on to point out that the infidel remains

> While the apologists have risen and fallen in a chain of slaughter . . . the secret of Gibbon's permanence lies not merely in the victories he won, but in those he may still win.

DAVID GARNETT

A STRAIGHT NOVEL

Theatre. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Somerset Maugham still writes the classic, or straight, novel: there is nothing tricky about his construction; he does not make telling cuts, shoot from unlikely angles or vary his distance from the object in view. *Theatre* is straight narrative, not photography: he has an almost hypnotic command of narrative style; not a sentence stops the mind and each leads on to another in a rapid overlap. This is a style that is neutral, functional, and fully efficient, the servant not the mistress of the writer's invention, a method perfected (within its own limits) not a preoccupation. Not a phrase is there for its own sake; transparency to meaning is the object, not colour; not a phrase obtrudes romantic complexity. For its activity, Mr. Maugham's style is stripped: there is no atmosphere, no American cuteness, no attempted poetry: it is professional writing, without a touch of amateur privilege—and this is pretty rare now. Rare also—a good deal too rare—is a novel not setting up to be anything but a novel, not made the parade-ground of indignation or fantasy. It might not be well to make Mr. Maugham a model, but he should set a precept: he might correct our tendencies to maunder, to exhibit or to denounce. With first-rate ability, but without high-class fuss, he drops a plumb-line into the subject. Here is a personality so positive, so pickled in experience it attracted, that it can use style impersonally. The professional has not time for stunts.

Theatre is a story told from one point of view—that of the actress heroine, Julia Lambert. This centralising of the story in one person, a person at the same time visible to the reader, makes for emotional unity and brings the other characters into scale so satisfactorily that one wonders why the method has, lately, lapsed. It is possible that only the accomplished writer can hope to sustain what might be monotony. Julia's values—assessed by the author with satirical coldness or, still more coldly, made to assess themselves—alone give the action significance, and so make the plot. Her blunders and limitations are used (like *Emma's*) to let counterplot appear: her shrewdness is at fault when emotion twists it, or vanity. That a good deal going on that *she* does not, cannot or will not perceive, is obvious: the reader, at an impassive glance from the author, picks up inferences, signals she overlooks. Hence the excitement of this exciting book: it is like a film in which someone will not see what is coming. But the element of surprise is always present: you were not so much in on the joke as you had thought.

This is comedy on a rather painful plane, with a few bad moments, some grand ones, and embarrassments that bring the heart to the mouth. Julia Lambert, in private life Mrs. Michael Gosselyn, portrayed with good-tempered malice, some sympathy and an occasional tightening of Mr. Maugham's cruelty, is a forceful, engaging, never romantic figure. Her interior monologue, some of her conversation, is energetic and bawdy; she has a touch of the trooper; her behaviour in love or society is controlled, languid, artful in the exact sense—it may be said to be dictated, as a religious person's behaviour is dictated. Success and massage have preserved her youth for her up to forty-six: her heart, when she meets Tom—a dim young man from an office, brought home to lunch by her husband—is both young and free. She brings her life to her acting, on one occasion, with what looked like being fatal results for a play, but she can always borrow her acting for her life, save her face, bluff in impossible situations or retrieve some dangerous spontaneity. In her naivety, her ruthlessness, her coarseness, her impatience with her own suffering, the major artist appears: she hates (though abides by) dieting, and likes love. Her duplicity is natural and automatic—she is two people: seldom are both present. It is possible that the profession of acting may sublimate in the female the falsity, insatiable monomania and anti-human vanity that Mr. Maugham so detests: at all events, Julia is one of his most agreeable heroines.

Theatre is not a documentary novel of back-stage life, an analysis of its glamour or of its hopes and fears. This is theatre life at its suavest, most settled and least Bohemian—for which I, for one, am thankful. The cast of the novel are already successful people, full of shrewdness and energy, without waste emotion, subject in one case only to the aberrations of love. Massage and the siesta, dressing-room comforts, cutlets and creamed spinach, costly respectable pleasures, photographers and reposing riverside week-ends are the routine. Julia (except once in her lover's arms) seldom thinks of the theatre: she *is* the theatre. Outside that intense existence, never quite interrupted, life is a mesh of detail through which her placid husband, her disconcerting son, her dresser, her rich woman friend, her platonic lover appear. Only Tom, or her passion for him, cuts near the quick of her life and begins to impinge on art.

Julia's first and last stage appearances inside the bounds of the novel, before and after the love-affair, have the same calm:

> Having addressed the envelope she threw the card in the wastepaper basket and was ready to slip into her first-act dress. The call-boy came round knocking at the dressing-room doors.
>
> "Beginners, please."
>
> Those words, though heaven only knew how often she had heard them, still gave her a thrill. They braced her like a tonic. Life acquired significance. She was about to step from the world of make-believe into the world of reality.

The mature woman's infatuation for a young lover, the distinguished person's obsession with a nonentity, sounds a stale enough subject: here it takes new irony and—by Julia's control of the situation from her disadvantageous position—a curious bold grace. Julia's eagerness for love and royal high-handedness expose her to a string of humiliations from the recalcitrant, muddled and common Tom, avid for luxury but suspicious of being bought up. He hurts her a little deliberately, but—as with most objects of misguided affection—his main power to hurt is in his stupidity. Every degree of that torture inflicted by stupid beloveds on highly organised lovers is noted by Mr. Maugham. Julia is not on the Proust scale, but her suffering, her ironic sense of the falseness of the position, is in the Swann and Charlus tradition. By making Julia something more than a woman, giving her the artist's bi-sexuality, Mr. Maugham has been able to generalise her love. Julia is so far masculine in that love with her has an aesthetic element: she fell out of love with her husband when his beauty was over; Tom's extreme youth, with its particular attributes, is a strong factor in her feeling for him. Her lack of bunk about this, her unreflecting pleasure at the affair's outset, and her personal greatness—as much greatness at least as Mr. Maugham will allow her—make her affair with Tom, for all its humiliations, grandiose and unsordid. Her doubleness, the Phoenix vitality of the actress side of her nature make it impossible for her to be wholely trapped: at the same time, these contribute to Tom's uneasiness. The situation between them, its phases and variations, is magnificently realised—and generalised.

The sum of *Theatre* is: an astringent tragi-comedy, with twin subjects, love and art. Mr. Maugham anatomises emotion without emotion; he handles without pity a world where he finds no pity. His disabused clearness and hardness do, it is true, diminish any subject a little. If great art has to have an inherent kindness, his is not great art. But what a writer he is!

ELIZABETH BOWEN

GREAT FUN

1851 and the Crystal Palace. By CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE. *John Murray.* 7s 6d.

The obituary notices of the Crystal Palace were for the most part surprisingly unappreciative, but if it had survived a few years longer its great architectural merits would probably have been widely recognised. The younger school of architects had already accepted it as the most felicitous and inspiring building of the last hundred years. It combined the monumental simplicity of the classical style with the visible engineering of Gothic. In a book devoted to the history of the Crystal Palace one would therefore expect to find some serious consideration of its aesthetic merits and of its importance in the history of architecture. But Mr. Hobhouse seems serenely unaware that it had any such importance. The fact that the most distinguished living architects recognise Paxton as a prophet is below his notice. And he has been content to offer us an ironical essay upon the absurdities of Victorian feeling and the divagations of Victorian taste. Throughout the book he is altogether too supercilious. Ugly as many of the 1851 exhibits indubitably were, they were not more frightful than the mass-production of the present time—I expect Mr. Hobhouse has never marched through the miles upon miles of accumulated bad taste at the British Industries Fair. His account of the Prince Consort is unfair, but it must be said that his contempt is showered no less freely upon the opponents of the Exhibition than upon its advocates. Indeed, Paxton, the gardener who saved the Exhibition from bankruptcy, the Government from acute unpopularity and the Throne from dangerous obloquy, extorts from Mr. Hobhouse positive admiration, while

his portrait of the chief opponent of his plans, Colonel Sibthorp, the great Protectionist, is admirably comic :

> Never yet had his country's impending doom seemed so demonstrable as when Colonel Sibthorp heard of the preparations for an exhibition of the industry of all nations. The country would be flooded with cheap foreign goods ; hordes of foreigners would come over here to sell their wares : thieves and anarchists would flock to London from all over the world : secret societies were already being formed on the Continent to assassinate the Queen : worse still, there would be an influx of Papists, bringing with them idolatry, schism, bubonic plague and venereal disease. It was all too horrible to contemplate, and all the doing of that damned German Prince.

Even when the Exhibition had proved successful beyond all expectation, this eminent Conservative continued his lamentations :

> The thing had been a transparent humbug, a palace of tomfoolery, stuffed with foreign fancy rubbish : the poor had been trepanned, seduced, ensnared and humbugged out of their hard earnings. He hotly denied that he had visited the place : not for a thousand guineas would he enter it : the sight of it made him sick. Objects had been photographed on the Sabbath ; and Mrs. Hicks had been turned out of her sweetmeat kiosk.

The profits, however, amounted to some £186,000, and were devoted to the beginning of the South Kensington Museums. Here is Mr. Hobhouse's comment :

> Prince Albert, if his spirit ever walks in Exhibition Road, may feel that he has wrought better than he knew. Here, on these barren acres, nobody lives, nobody loves, nobody dies. Here, on the one side, are all the trumpery flotsam of learning, stuffed mammals and fossils, stuck into glass cases and labelled in the hope of filling some vacant mind. And here, on the other side, are some of the loveliest things on earth, whole rooms of English furniture, and the Raphael cartoons, and Pellé's bust of Charles the Second—here they are, snatched from the hands of private men, sterilised, caged together in tasteless surfeit, imprisoned without hope of release. Here, too, perhaps saddest of all, is a great staff of experts—unhappy custodians, bound by hated necessity to the prisoners of their great seraglio, yet pleased with a gloating pleasure that other men cannot get near them to enjoy them. From beyond their glass cages a few German and Japanese students of all ages come and blink through their spectacles at them and go away again, having added one more piece of information to the silly pile. Domestic servants make assignations among the period panelled rooms. And on Bank Holiday, when it is wet outside, quite a lot of people go.

Does Mr. Hobhouse really suppose that zoological and geological specimens are of interest only to the vacant mind ? Can Mr. Hobhouse really persuade himself that the Raphael Cartoons would prove more fertile if segregated from profane eyes in the inviolable privacy of Badminton or Blenheim ? We do not for one instant believe that he is so foolish. But his passionate admiration for Burke (which incited him, so strangely, to attempt a Life of Fox) has helped him to develop a natural gift for rhetoric ; the result, as this quotation shows, is remarkable ; but, unfortunately, he loses all judgment in the intoxication produced by his talent for expressing contempt. If Mr. Hobhouse seems to lack the qualities most important to a historian, he is the stuff of a very brilliant pamphleteer.

This highly entertaining book is well illustrated, largely with engravings from the *Illustrated London News* ; it is uncommonly well printed and bound ; and it has on the jacket a most agreeable drawing in the style of Mr. Messel, by an artist whose name the publishers have regrettably omitted to mention.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RESPUBLICA ABSCONDITA

The Irish Republic. By DOROTHY MACARDLE. With a Preface by PRESIDENT DE VALERA. *Gollancz*. 25*s*. net.

A week or two before receiving this book for review a friend and I were discussing the national characters of Irish and English. We came tentatively to the conclusion that the Englishman's unconscious orientation is practical, though consciously he plays with sentiment. That the Irishman's unconscious orientation is sentimental, though consciously he delights in cynical knavery. The Englishman tries to make his sentiment coincide with his interest, the Irishman the converse : therefore the Irishman always *seems* to be preoccupied with his interest, and Mr. Bernard Shaw is misled by appearances into contrasting romantic England with realist Ireland. The Irishman imagines he's thinking about his land annuity when really he's mooning about a republic. The Englishman persuades himself he's thinking about the roses round the door when he's really reposing comfortably in the thought of the policeman round the corner.

As I read Miss Macardle's history of the Irish Republic I felt that she was giving support to this view of the Irishman. Her opening paragraphs show that she is uncertain whether the Irish Republic had a real existence in law and logic ; and in fact the occasion which enabled a majority of Irish representatives to declare a republic was the dissolution of a British Parliament by a British King. (I once heard Sonnino, the Italian politician, remark that the original error of modern British policy in Ireland was the " Hang the Kaiser " Election.) In spite, however, of her well-founded doubts upon law and logic, Miss Macardle maintains that the Irish Republic has been " a fact in human history," because with the declaration of January, 1919, a State came into being which inspired the profound loyalty of the Irish people. The " Irish people " is an exaggeration, as scarcely more than one-third of the Irish people voted for Sinn Fein in 1919, and of those who did so many merely wished to put the dying Parliamentary Party out of its misery or to secure a larger measure of Home Rule. Moreover, the Catholic Church, which in Ireland leans towards democracy, and its Schools of Ethics, never could acknowledge that Dáil Eireann was the legitimate seat of Irish Government. What is certain is that the Republic—a conception like Pascal's *Deus Absconditus* (" You would not seek Me if you had not already found Me ")—became henceforth the measure of all things in Irish national life. Miss Macardle records with gravity that the delegates narrowly escaped being arrested for High Treason after they had signed the London articles. They had brought Ireland within the Empire. The articles, as she says truly, were not a treaty such as " could conceivably have been freely negotiated and freely signed between two independent States."

Evidently Griffith believed that the Irish delegates could have got better terms if they had not been handicapped by their own fiction. Miss Macardle, closely following Mr. Frank Pakenham's *Peace By Ordeal*—a vivid account from first-hand sources of the negotiations—takes the view that Griffith was outmanoeuvred by Lloyd George ; but it is also possible to believe that Griffith and Lloyd George together were outmanoeuvred by de Valera and the Ulster Unionists. Griffith cared more for Irish unity than for " the Republic " : in fact, his ideal was a Dual Monarchy. And he realised that if the negotiations broke down it might be a great advantage to Sinn Fein to be able to put the blame on the Ulstermen, because British opinion was hardly prepared for the resumption of war in support of the Carsonite claim for complete severance from the rest of Ireland. Lloyd George perceived Griffith's strategy and supported it ; at one point in the negotiations he was ready, provided the Irish gave assurances on the question of the Crown, to challenge the Die-hards and (so Griffith reported to de Valera) " fight on the Ulster matter to secure essential unity." But these assurances were not forthcoming, for de Valera from Dublin continued to insist that " external association " must be the limit of Sinn Fein concession in regard to Crown and Empire. In the result the Sinn Fein delegates lost on both heads—Ulster and the Crown—and there followed a civil war in which all principle was on the side of the Anti-Treaty Minority and of de Valera. Miss Macardle gives an effective account of the " mesh of deception " in which Michael Collins was entangled when he became head of a *de jure* Government in the Twenty-six Counties. He charmed Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, for they felt assured that a man with such appearance of cynical effrontery could be trusted to know on which side his bread (and Ireland's, too, for that matter) was buttered. In truth, Collins was " mooning about the Republic " even in the hour when he employed a British officer to show him how Rory O'Connor and the Anti-Treatyites could be shelled out of the Four Courts.

The narrative ends rather abruptly with 1925, the year in which the authority of the Free State Parliament was established, and Miss Macardle is thus spared the trouble of explaining how Fianna Fail squared its entry into that Parliament with the faith. In a preface, President de Valera congratulates Miss Macardle on having written the first complete and authoritative account of the Republic (1916–23). " She presents events in their order," he says, " and lets them tell their own story." This is true, and I have not wished to give the impression that her pages are filled with dialectics. It must be admitted, however, that she shows some bias in the selection and presentation of facts. For instance, in her account of the fighting in Ireland, she merely mentions the sins of the Republican forces, whereas those of the Black and Tans and Free State Army are frequently set forth in their horrid detail.

J. HONE

"BEHOLD! I TELL YOU A MYSTERY . . ."

An Examination of Logical Positivism. By J. R. WEINBERG. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of Professor Broad's more malicious remarks refers to "the highly syncopated pipings of Wittgenstein," and this useful book by an American philosopher might be described as a set of variations in the Wittgensteinian mode. It is a book which has been needed for some time. During the last few years it has been a case of "ex Vienna semper aliquid novi" for philosophy, and a book or series of books correlating and criticising the various theories and adumbrations of theories which have been filtering into England was becoming an urgent necessity. Weinberg fulfils quite adequately his job as an interim reporter. He clarifies the main principles for which the Positivists are so vigorously fighting; abroad, that is, for in England discussion of their views has been sporadic, and has taken the shape rather of intermittent skirmishes on the private jousting-grounds of philosophical journals than of books surveying through the spectacles (hardly rose-coloured) of Logical Positivism the broad general questions with which philosophy is traditionally concerned. The *enfant terrible* from Oxford, A. J. Ayer, showed his hand indeed in *Language, Truth and Logic*. But that brilliant and lucid summary of the positivist creed was a little too summary, and something was needed carrying a little heavier metal, and a little less suggestive of a gamin cocking-a-snook at the old fogeys of metaphysicians. This Weinberg has provided.

His book starts with an account of Wittgenstein's theory of meaning, an admirable re-statement and criticism of the "Tractatus," and proceeds to expound the way in which, by attention more particularly to the logical structure of language, Wittgenstein and his successors, especially the Viennese school who formally became a Circle in 1928, have endeavoured to establish a philosophical basis for the operations of natural science, while uprooting the systematic substructure which metaphysicians in the past have sought to provide. This endeavour has generally taken the shape of a denial of the validity of metaphysical assertions such as are made by Kant or Hegel about the nature of the Real, or about Substance, or Relations, or any other hypostatisation, on the ground that they are in principle unverifiable in empirical experience. Sense-data are not, in their view, a "Pathway to Reality." In this respect they fall into a line of tradition deriving from Hume: and this Weinberg makes clear. His account is well documented and extremely sympathetic, but he is not out for blind adulation, and in this book Logical Positivism is shown to be, in the last analysis, as unsatisfactory in its handling of many of the main philosophical issues as were the various antecedent theories which it decries. The presentation is admirably clear and terse, yet on the whole free from the dogmatic "bow-wow manner" which the Positivists so often adopt. Perhaps oracles inevitably make their pronouncements staccato; certainly the Muse of Positivism too often speaks out in the tone of a chartered accountant's report. The passion for conducting philosophy by means of a calculus of symbols, which burns in them with a Leibnitzian ardour, must inevitably produce such a result. The Logical Positivists speak with derision of the metaphysicians, but at least they have much to learn from them about the art of garnishing an exposition. And one wonders with what regret the past masters of a beautiful philosophic prose, a Plato, a Bradley, a Santayana, would contemplate their apocalyptic stutterings, so unlovely to the ear, however profound their revelation.

Weinberg's criticism of the method used by the Positivists brings him to the conclusion "that Logical Positivism cannot eliminate metaphysics without destroying itself, and that it cannot establish the logical foundations of natural science without alteration of the principles absolutely essential to its teaching." Weinberg meets the Positivists on their own ground and hoists them with their own petard. "On Positivistic principles no syntactical proposition asserts anything. As a consequence, 'The meaning of a proposition is the method of its verification' which itself is a syntactical proposition, is nonsense." And in another useful critical chapter he points out that "if the sense of propositions depends on the possibility that certain empirical facts exist, then no significant statement can be made about inferred entities such as physical objects and other minds . . . this leads to the astounding result that significant propositions are incommunicable, which is what may be called linguistic solipsism." But the solipsistic trend of Positivism is not linguistic merely, it lies at the roots of the theory, for its principle of verification leads inexorably to the conclusion that each knowing subject parades in its own private universe, closed and incommunicable to the outside. But even that, on Positivist principles, is over-generous, for if all true statements are to be those in principle reducible to statements about immediate data of empirical experience, how ever is one justified in talking about the experience of other knowing subjects in terms analogous to those which one uses about one's own experience? The value of Weinberg's book lies in the unvarnished account which it presents of Logical Positivism; with all the difficulties laid bare, the Positivists have a chance to set their house in order.

RONALD LEWIN

RAPPED INTO RAPTURE

Mr. Sludge, The Medium. The Life of Daniel Dunglas Home. By HORACE WYNDHAM. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Home's parentage is confused by the mystery that is to be expected in the genealogy of a mystic, even a fraudulent one. He was born on March 20th, 1833. Conan Doyle thought he was the third son of the Earl of Home, "inheriting the tendencies but not the wealth of his forbears." Mr. Wyndham proves, by means of the higher criticism, that these tendencies are not necessarily aristocratic.

Educated in America, where table rapping had already become a lucrative profession for those who were too refined for the circus, Home had already begun to manifest his curious gifts when he was seventeen. His Presbyterian aunt summoned the ministers of three Nonconformist denominations to come and "drive the devil out of the lad." When prayers failed she used her secular arm to drive nephew and devil out of the house herself. Home went to live with some professional mediums and before long had acquired the whole spiritualistic repertoire.

It was the error of the time to assume that every cause which could not be immediately observed must be spiritual. This inference had by 1857 given Home a position in the French court not unlike that Rasputin was to have in Russia. Even at that time Russia was no more proof against superstition, for Home's

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greatest accomplishment was to marry two well-endowed ladies of the court. At both his marriages he received jewels as a present from the Czar—perhaps a move toward a political alliance between the little father and the big one. In England, prophecy and profits were as successfully united. On one occasion the departed spirit of an old lady's husband persuaded her to give Home £50,000 on condition that he would be her darling son. When her affections waned she sued him and got her money back.

It is obvious from the mere episodes of his life that Home was, to make the least of it, a shady character. "Darkness," as he himself once said when defending the gloom necessary at a seance, "is a precedent of all creation, total exclusion of light one of nature's first laws." But those who "beheld the heavens open and immortality awaiting them" had a light within them that justified the darkness without; the will to believe could accept no evidence that contradicted its faith.

The tests to which Home was subjected could scarcely have worried him. Clergymen, determined to find out the truth, would surreptitiously slip Bibles on to spirit-controlled furniture and if it continued to move about declare themselves convinced the spirits were from the devil. If more sceptical inquirers were present the offended spirits would not appear. Labouchere was once told that he did not see a piano pass from one room to another because he was unsympathetic.

The ridicule of the scientist and the man of letters did not upset the general public. With the Victorian Age it was the higher the circles the greater the proof. If kings and dukes believed, it was good enough evidence for the common man. The impostor had only to appeal to the "honour of gentlemen" or "the reverence for sacred truth" and the ordinary man's scepticism admitted itself prejudiced, malicious and atheistical. Elevation and levitation were miracle and doctrine. It was useless for the puzzled Faraday to declare that our education must be lacking in some important principle, and for the great writers to point out that the utterances of the immortals would have given a conscience to a hymn writer.

Home's life was one long practical joke. It is doubtful if he himself ever saw the joke. He did not even delude people primarily for money, but to satisfy his abnormal vanity. He wanted to believe that he really was a mystic and sage. Whatever part he took, whether as medium, lecturer, sage, author or reciter—he once booked a theatre to recite *Hamlet*, but backed out at the last moment—he acted with soul shattering sincerity. He was genuinely outraged when detected of fraud. This chronicle of the vacillations of Victorian sanity is completed by an index that may be used to test the critical capacities of all the eminent Victorians. Mr. Wyndham writes in the style which is euphemistically called "fluent," and dismisses very breezily the odd and unexplained things which, among much conscious and unconscious trickery, keep turning up in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. His book would have pleased Browning as much as it would have offended his wife.

ROBERT WALLER

CONSTRUCTIVE REALISM

World Trade and Its Future. By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As a populariser of economic common sense Sir Arthur Salter has few rivals. No pejorative flavour should here attach itself, as it generally does, to the word "populariser," for economic common sense is anything but popular and there are few things more important to humanity than that it should become so. Academic economics is both more realistic and more practicable than appears to the man in the street; but until the man in the street realises this its common-sense conclusions are none the likelier to be accepted. "It is not enough," it has been said, "for justice to be done; it must be manifestly seen to have been done." And if the generalisations of economists are to serve as illuminants to policy they must not only be true, they must be manifestly seen to be true. They must be linked with common knowledge before they can convince; and Sir Arthur Salter has done much, over a wide section of economic affairs, to provide the necessary link.

His latest survey of world economic affairs is brief but well up to standard. It compresses within a hundred pages a brilliant summary of the pre-war economic system, with its latent stresses and weaknesses, and of the crisis, with its causes immediate and remote; a masterly précis of its effects on the conduct and volume of international trade, including capital transfers; and a forecast of possible future developments. Its keynote is to be found in its last sentence. "We must," he says, "regard our present economic nationalism not simply as the enemy which we have to slay but as the possible parent—with proper encouragement and regulation—of a better system than itself." He does not claim that a system based on economic nationalism is likely to be anything more than a second best. He agrees with the orthodox that there is no inherent theoretical reason why a *laissez-faire* capitalist economy should fail to achieve balanced progress even without expanding foreign markets. On the other hand, he realises, as they do not always appear to do, how immensely harder are the necessary readjustments where such markets do not exist. "The characteristic disease of the capitalist competitive system after its first stage of development is a kind of middle-aged constipation," he says. That is, after all, an inconvenient rather than a mortal ailment. But its cure, in the absence of the hitherto effective aperients provided by rapidly expanding foreign markets and home population, is likely to call for more and more collective action, necessarily, in the present state of political ideas, on a national basis. This collective action is bound to affect foreign trade, which therefore—even supposing the present obstinate crisis over and done with—is highly unlikely to revert to *laisser faire*.

The new order must therefore work forward from the present nationalist basis, aiming first for the necessary conditions for stability and co-operation, then for a general expansion and liberalisation; the nation may be a bad economic unit, but realism demands that it be recognised as such. We must have currency stability first; not the rigid ratios of the old gold standard, but a conditional and limited stabilisation, with equalisation funds used in consultation. Then a thawing-out of international trade by means of "low tariff club" agreements on the Oslo model, a flexible interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause, and a widening of the exchange clearing system. Finally, Great Britain and the other colonial Powers should return as quickly as possible to an open-door policy in their subject territories.

It is all very sketchy, as the author is the first to admit. But the sketch is one which will neither mislead nor confuse the reader who turns to it for guidance; its perspectives are true and its outlines firmly drawn. Sir Arthur, in fact, has once again made a genuine contribution to the cause of education in world citizenship.

HONOR CROOME

FREEDOM AND MODERN WAR

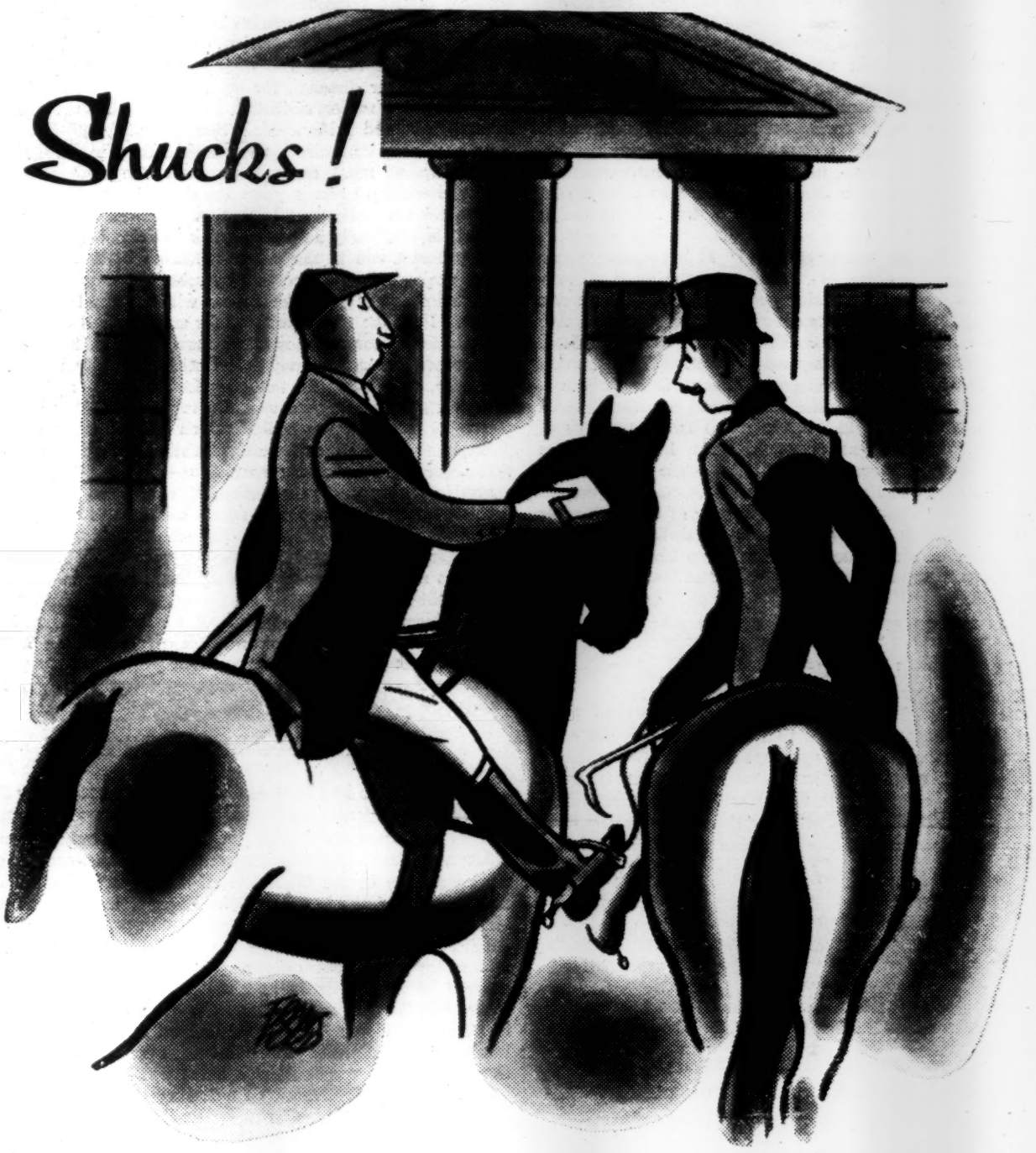
Europe in Arms. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here, written by the military correspondent of the *Times*, is a really scientific study of the present arms race, of the development of modern war, and of the problem of defending democracy under the new conditions. No-force pacifists will not like it, though they will find in it the most sympathetic short refutation of their case. For the rest of us, who want either to prevent war or to win any war that Fascism and our past errors may force upon us, Captain Liddell Hart's new book is indispensable; for it shows up inexorably the military problems we have to solve.

For instance, no member of the Labour Party, in considering either foreign policy or rearmament, can afford to ignore his opening survey of the military strengths of the major European powers. The same applies to his rejection of conscription; to his treatment of the question whether Great Britain can any longer send a land force of any size to the Continent; and to his chapter on "the Future of the Mediterranean," with its warnings about the consequences of a rebel victory in Spain.

A few doubts emerge as one reads Captain Liddell Hart. First, he does not believe that in a full-scale European war the Powers would race to bomb each other's cities. Why not? Because military chiefs are always incredibly stupid. Is that not far too optimistic? He himself admits that dictators are less cloistered than most members of General Staffs. Are there not many factors—the threat to their own cities, their liability to blockade, the short-windedness of *morale* under a despotism—which may incline them to concentrate on a sudden, ruthless assault from the air, so long as any Great Power leaves itself so vulnerable as to promise them a chance of a quick victory? Surely it is much more urgent to guard against sudden and ruthless bombing of cities than Captain Liddell Hart suggests.

The question, of course, is "How?" And this is where the second criticism comes in. Captain Liddell Hart gives full weight to the factor of vulnerability; but he does not draw the inescapable conclusion from it. He tells us that "the more one reflects on the



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involved problems of modern warfare, the more importance seems to attach to the factor of ' vulnerability '—the relative vulnerability of the different countries—in any comparison of strengths " ; that " in order to play our part in a system of collective security we have to be sure of our means of ' endurance ' " ; and that " the vulnerability of the target counts for at least as much as the power of the weapon—and possibly counts for more." The conclusion surely is that for Great Britain, a country exceptionally vulnerable to air attack, to rely largely on power of aerial counter-attack is suicidal folly, and that Great Britain will have to concentrate mainly on reducing her own vulnerability by non-menacing methods.

Why does he not draw this conclusion? Is it because " only in small degree . . . is there any remedy to our state of vulnerability," because " we cannot alter geography "? But we can quite soon reduce that vulnerability enough to deprive any country of almost all chance of a quick decisive victory over us. Is it that " against a limited menace adequate preparation for protection is possible " and " the air menace may be limited, if not crippled, at source " by counter-attacks against its ground organisation and factories? But even this is to put too much faith in power of counter-attack. For an aggressor could make his aerodromes poor targets and keep his reserves well back, while the threat to his factories would be one more inducement to stake all on the first ruthless assault. Peace and defence require of us much more concentration on reducing this country's vulnerability, much less reliance on power of aerial counter-attack, than Captain Liddell Hart has yet recommended. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

A WISE PHYSICIAN

Medical Modes and Morals. By DR. HARRY ROBERTS. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

The name of Dr. Harry Roberts is well known to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers as that of a trenchant, yet bonhomous commentator on what may perhaps be termed the sociology of medicine—the relations between doctor and patient, between the medical profession and the State. After reading this collection of essays one is left with the impression that the author is a physician who has certainly " healed himself " in the sense of divesting his mind of the cant, self-deception and charlatanry common enough among members of his profession.

It is possible to disagree with some of his conclusions: the present reviewer dissents, for instance, from Dr. Roberts in his contention that undersatisfied sex is rarely a serious problem for normal, civilised individuals. Some, again, of Dr. Roberts' colleagues may be inclined to complain that, in emphasising the empiricism of most medical remedies, he underestimates the extent to which in recent years the discoveries of the endocrinologists, for example, have been applied in general practice. Dr. Roberts is essentially a sceptic, quick to debunk quackery alike in Harley Street and in the patent-medicine bottle; but his judgments are usually characterised by robust common sense.

Two important pleas he makes which should secure general assent. First, he urges the need for an organised development of " preventive " periodical medical examination of healthy persons, so that incipient disease may be detected and dealt with in advance. Secondly, he deplores the tendency for patients to rush to fashionable (and, he might have added, over-hurried) " specialists " in search of sovereign remedies which they imagine, rightly or wrongly, to be outside the reach of their family doctor. It is not that there is no room for specialism—in radiology, biochemical analysis, surgery, electro-therapeutics and so forth—but the specialists should be ancillary agents called in to advise and assist the general practitioner, not independent dictators over one particular segment of the patient's anatomy. This is sound sense, as most of those who have scattered guineas down Harley Street will concede.

Dr. Margaret Jackson contributes a witty and learned chapter on " Doctors and Patients in the Past," sketching lightly the history of the medical profession from primitive society, through the Dark Ages, to the present day. A. V.

For obvious reasons

we should be glad to see revived the old custom of giving presents at Easter. And in case there is any one still left innocent enough to be directly influenced by a mere advertisement, may we draw attention to the 5/- edition of Robert Collis's autobiography *The Silver Fleece*, one of the outstanding " personal histories " of 1936. Also to Rosalind Vallance's collection of *A Hundred English Essays*, in which all the best classical and modern writers are represented; 670 pages in a plain leather binding, all for 7/6.

Our Easter holiday-task for avaricious adults is the Nelson Classics Competition, in which some very mild literary exertion might win you £25. Particulars from Nelson's or any bookshop. You may submit as many entries as you like.

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IMPERIAL HISTORY

War and Trade in the West Indies, 1739-1763. By RICHARD PARES. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

This important and highly original book examines from many different angles twenty odd years of the eighteenth-century struggle for supremacy in the West Indies, setting it in its full context. Strong on diplomatic intrigue in Europe, it examines also the strategy, circumstances and effects of war, touching lightly its details. The blatant self-seeking not only of the West India interest at home but of local planters and traders, is rather allowed to appear than brought out, and makes a sorry story. There is a flood of new light on the effect of West Indian policy in alienating North America. England, adept at " imposing the burdens of patriotism " on America, as on Ireland, rather forgot that, since trade was itself war, there was logical support for the view that one effective way of dealing with the enemy was to drain off his supplies of gold by trading with him. Mr. Pares comments on " the tendency to law-breaking which is the most disastrous legacy of the British Empire to American business men."

It is the strength of this book, which is far too full for adequate summary, that it allows facts, drawn from all possible sources—British, Continental, American and West Indian, public and, rather specially, commercial—to carry their own commentary. For the first time, rarely if ever using the word Imperialism, it brings a significant fragment of imperial history under the microscope—with revolutionary effect. This work is complementary and comparable only to that done by Professor L. B. Namier on the domestic history of the same century. Further volumes are promised, and will be awaited with interest. W. M. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

What Is Ahead of Us? By G. D. H. COLE, SIR ARTHUR SALTER, WICKHAM STEED, SIDNEY WEBB, P. M. S. BLACKETT AND LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

This is another of Allen and Unwin's bright little books of essays on the fiercely controversial big things of the day. The views represented range from Mr. Wickham Steed's hatred of all dictatorships to Professor Blackett's plea for a Left united front at home and a mutual assistance pact with France and the U.S.S.R. as the only methods by which working class policy may check Fascism and perhaps preserve peace. G. D. H. Cole writes trenchantly of the vast reserves of strength within the capitalist system and urges the need for a wide democratic front of attack, though

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"STAR-BEGOTTEN" will make its first appearance in THE LONDON MERCURY, the first long instalment being included in the APRIL number. It will be completed in the May and June issues, prior to publication in book form. In "STAR-BEGOTTEN," Mr. Wells improves upon the idea which he started in "The War of the Worlds." In that book the world was invaded by the Martians. In the new novel he deals with the supposition that the highly developed inhabitants of Mars have for centuries been attempting to vary and modify human life on the earth by the influence of cosmic rays, and that to-day they are beginning to win striking successes. The hero, married to a "fey-like" wife, is an imaginative author with a taste for speculation. A conversation at his Club fires him with the idea that exceptional human beings—supermen, monstrosities, or freaks—may be accounted for by consciously directed disturbances from another planet—that they are, in effect, the offspring of Martians. His chase of the idea leads him to the disconcerting conviction that his own wife, now about to have a child, is herself one of the "star-begotten."

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"I do not often feel about a book that it has in it the stuff of immortality, and when you do feel like that about a book it's as well to shut up about it in this cynical world; but that is how I feel about *The Years* . . . The time covered is the same as that required by the 'Cavalcade' school of fiction and drama; but when you have finished this book you will feel, if you have any sensitivity at all, that here are the very flesh and bones, the blood and marrow of history—the thing itself, not an effigy for children, dressed in fancy ties and pin-striped trousers, with a few tear-making wisps of demure black crêpe."

HOWARD SPRING in the *Evening Standard*

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he says nothing about the principal advocates of this unity already in the field. Sir Arthur Salter writes on economic nationalism and approves the policy of continuing the struggle for international currency agreements and sane tariff policy on the basis of a belated recognition of the fact that "intervention" within the various states has come to stay. Sir Arthur's practical suggestions are probably sound, for he is a great authority on foreign exchange problems, but his analysis of economic nationalism itself is wearisomely loose and discursive. Sidney Webb gives us a lucid account of the main features of the Soviet system and of the new constitution. Professor Hogben, finally, discusses the falling birth rate and finds its causes mainly in the conditions of city life and in the opportunities for spending money which face all urban populations, whether in Russia or elsewhere. He makes it clear that the difficulty is only partially overcome by family allowances and policies of child welfare, and that something much more radical in city planning is needed in order to prevent a calamitous fall in population.

Antique Collecting. By MARGARET VIVIAN. *Pitman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This pleasantly written and well illustrated volume is addressed to the general collector of antiques rather than to the specialist, and, although it covers a wide field and discusses famous pieces of porcelain, pottery, bronze, etc., specimens of which only the very wealthy can hope to secure, in the main it is devoted to the service of collectors of moderate means. The author reveals the tricks and ways of the trade and rightly advises her readers to deal with reputable dealers. Gone are the happy days when every junk shop held treasures in their grimy recesses and bargains fell daily to the expertise of collectors. The junk shop now sells junk, and if the owner knows anything of the antique it is only to magnify its value and to stock fakes for the unwary. A good deal of the book is devoted to porcelain, and to the later factories once at Swansea, Rockingham, Colebrook Dale, Spode and Davenport. Bronze figures and woodcarving, snuff boxes and enamels, needlework and glass pictures, designs in human hair and pictures in sand, and so on, are dealt with, so the collector has a wide range of information.

Cricket. By D. R. JARDINE. *Dent.* 6*s.*

This is the second volume in Messrs. Dent's Modern Sports series, edited by Mr. Howard Marshall, and designed to bridge the gap between the superficial memoir and the technical treatise. Mr. Jardine's book is filled with unusual knowledge such as one would expect from an accomplished skipper with guts, whose mere reading of a biography in a train on return from tour was front page. To him cricket is an art like making love in the Orient. The author is unsentimental, although the treatment is at the same time human and often dead funny: he detests bunk and fleshpots, after-dinner speakers who assume a tour forges bonds of sympathy between countries and races, and points out "the somewhat chequered history of the Olympic Games." Perhaps more information about the financial aspect might have been given. There are photos from an instructional film and others including Hobbs, Leyland, Allen, Hammond, Voce, Larwood, Verity, Bradman, McCabe, O'Reilly, down to our 1936 wonder, Gimblett (all correctly with or without initials), some with amusing captions.

I Found No Peace. By WEBB MILLER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Already highly praised in every review, English and American, as a magnificent adventure story simply told, etc., *I Found No Peace* is the very readable journal of an American Correspondent who has reported political disorder in its most violent phases all over the world. The author's success as a "scooper" and interviewer is so incredible that one can only suppose that the world is as afraid of the press as it is of dictators. Nevertheless all press sensationalism seems to have been carefully excluded and little prejudice distorts the judgment of individuals and practical difficulties.

If personal experience is the essential condition of true opinions, Mr. Webb Miller should be infallible. However, knowing that extensive experience makes it more and more difficult to generalise, Mr. Miller restricts his judgments to things as they take place. While he will not judge political theories, he says, for example, that Abyssinia cannot be worse off under Mussolini than it was before the conquest, that although India requires English law and order the Congress Movement may soon be strong enough to drive us out if we do not give a greater measure of self government, that the problem of the Jews and Arabs is so complex it appears to have no immediate solution, and so on. All these opinions are preceded by sober descriptions of exciting experiences, so that if we do not accept his judgments we cannot deny his evidence.

A book to be read by all those in search of reliable evidence on which to base abstract opinions, and an enthralling narrative.

"Old Q's" Daughter. The History of a Strange Family. By BERNARD FALK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

In this story of Maria Fagnani, the natural daughter of the fourth Duke of Queensberry by the Marchesa Fagnani, who married Lord Yarmouth, subsequently the third Marquess of Hertford, Mr. Falk has given us much more than a chronique scandaleuse of the time, though he has certainly given us that. He has in fact set the story of his roués and his amateur strumpets in a real historical setting, and his crowded canvas contains portraits of all the men and women with whom the Seymours of the Hertford branch were in contact through three generations. Mr. Falk has built up his story from original sources, and has been admitted to the records of many families; and incidentally to the biography of Maria Fagnani, has given us a pedigree of Sir Richard Wallace that is far more consonant with probability than is that given in the Dictionary of National Biography. According to the evidence he has discovered, Sir Richard was not the natural son of Maria, but her grandson; the son of the fourth Marquess of Hertford whose half-brother he was believed to be. Of the third Marquess—Thackeray's Lord Steyne and Disraeli's Lord Monmouth—we are given a sardonic and convincing portrait. The book is admirably illustrated.

Prince Ito. By KENGI HAMADA. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book does much to justify the author's claim that Prince Ito was "Japan's greatest statesman." Of all the members of that small group of samurai who saved Japan from the fate of India or China, and set her on the road to her present position as a Great Power, Ito can claim to have been the most realistic and far-sighted. He was also a great opportunist who was never afraid to change his views and his policies according to the circumstances of the moment. Starting as one of the most rabidly anti-foreign of the lesser samurai who attached themselves to the Imperial Court and opposed the Shogunate, a brief first visit to England (on which occasion he worked his passage as an ordinary seaman) converted him to the view that the hated foreigners were too powerful to be fought, and that Japan must make terms with them and set out to imitate them as rapidly as possible. Later, after having for long opposed the war on China which his military colleagues were clamouring for, he gave way to them in 1894 for the sake of crushing the radical opposition movement in the Diet which was making his authoritarian rule impossible. This abandonment of his policy of internal reconstruction, for one of armed aggression in Asia, not only affected the whole future course of Japanese history, but caused Ito's own downfall. He remained an Elder Statesman but he ceased to play the Bismarckian role which he had mapped out for himself in framing the Japanese Constitution on the Prussian model. From the Sino-Japanese war onwards the military took control of the government and the civil bureaucrats had to take a back seat.

This biography gives an interesting account of Ito's opposition to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and of his attempts to come to an understanding with Russia before the Russo-Japanese war. The book is adulatory rather than critical, and the reader will look in vain for any analysis of the social background or motive forces in the momentous period of Japanese history dealt with. Nevertheless it contains information not readily accessible in English and the author's style and point of view are unconsciously revealing of Japanese mentality.

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EXAMINATIONS

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

The entry for the Indian Civil Service closes this year on the 10th April. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21 to 24 on the 1st August. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

India Office, March, 1937.

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Napoleon: Portrait of a King. By R. MACNAIR WILSON. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When Mack capitulated at Ulm Napoleon is reported to have assured the Austrian officers that he had no quarrel with their sovereign or country except that they were fighting for the London bankers. This has generally been taken as one of the Corsican's little jokes, but the theme of Dr. Wilson's book is that this was a perfectly sincere statement of Napoleon's belief and, further, that the belief was fully justified. Napoleon's policy, our author argues, can only be understood upon an economic interpretation. His wars were dictated, not by his insatiate ambition, but by the insatiate greed of international finance under the direction of the City of London. It seems that Nelson's signal at Trafalgar should have read "Lombard Street expects." Dr. Wilson's statements are sometimes calculated to make the sober historian's brain reel, as for example: "England's colonial empire was not menaced by Napoleon's economic system, nor was England's command of the sea. Only one interest, indeed, was threatened—namely, money-lending." But he argues his case with ability and immense zeal. The chief fault of the book is that, being a hero-worshipper, Dr. Wilson is always tempted to follow his chief to the field often to the detriment of the exposition of his main point. One wishes he had concentrated on the economic thesis, for it is an extremely interesting and illuminating one.

Hitler's Drive to the East. By F. ELWYN JONES. *Gollancz.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This is a vigorous exposition of Nazi penetration in the Danubian and Balkan countries, and should prove useful to the general public. To tackle so large and important a subject in some hundred small pages means, of course, that precision of detail becomes impossible, and the book is sometimes so frankly propagandist as perhaps to defeat its own ends. The specialised student of the subject may be a little disconcerted by various slips, such, for example, as the reference to the *Völkischer Beobachter* and the *Angriff* in the Vienna cafés, when the fact is that the Austro-German Agreement last July allowed for only one Nazi Party paper—and that the *Essener National Zeitung*—to come into Austria. And how does Mr. Elwyn Jones *know* that King Carol went to Prague in October to persuade M. Benes to give up the Russian alliance? Even if H.M. told us so himself we should not feel justified in *knowing* that he pressed the Czechoslovaks to drop the Russians, and indeed we are more inclined to accept other evidence to the effect that he did nothing of the kind. The main thesis of *Hitler's Drive to the East* is, of course, indisputable, viz., the energy and determination of German expansionist plans especially in the direction of Athens and Istanbul, and the efficiency with which the Germans distribute armaments, aspirin, machines, propaganda and tips about terrorism. Unfortunately, it is genuinely difficult for the French to absorb Balkan produce as Germany can, while British business men are too much interested in more attractive markets to bother about stemming the German tide. The natural virility of the Balkan peoples remains their best defence.

Asia Answers. By RALPH TOWNSEND. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Townsend's interpretation of Asia, apropos the Sino-Japanese portion, has a particular interest for students of that contemporary thought which is all for businesslike efficiency and would have the whole world regimented in terms of a profit-and-loss account, so that the business man could go about his profit-making in peace and comfort. From this point of view, Mr. Townsend's interpretation of what he sees in the Far East is unimpeachable. He knows China well. So dismissing its fundamental culture as interesting but irrelevant, and admitting its patient industry and its racial resilience, and so forth, as matter for amazement, he concentrates on that weakness of its government that makes it a country unfit for Americans to trade in. And this in contrast to Japan, where American goods apparently are welcome and which, if on the aggressive side, is so far away that it is unthinkable its rulers will ever attempt a serious quarrel with the U.S.A. So on the whole he thinks perhaps the Japanese invasion of China is akin to the Norman invasion of England. But, happily for his peace of mind, he does not pursue the analogy.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 367

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The shepherd in Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love" was evidently not "economic man," whatever else he was:

> "Thy Silver dishes for thy meat
> As precious as the gods do eat
> Shall on an ivory table be
> Prepared each day for thee and me."

A modern rendering of the poem in the light of the new economic and political ideas on industrialised agricultural life is clearly necessary. The usual prizes are offered for such a version, compressed into three verses but otherwise following Marlowe's metre. Palgrave and other anthologies have the poem.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 2nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 365

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best "This England" quotations from famous writers of the past.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

I am confirmed in a gloomy belief that "famous English writers of the past" are less read than they used to be, for this competition did not attract nearly so many entries as I hoped. Moreover, some of the entries are quite beside the mark. I suppose I should have expected this, for every week people send in as "This England" quotations any remarks which they happen to disagree with, sometimes even remarks made by foreigners.

Hugh Shearman has sent in the passage from *Richard II*, beginning "This royal throne of kings"—a good example of what's wanted, but I think it is disqualified by the fact that it is the passage from which "This England" takes its title. Bacon, James Thomson, Dr. Johnson, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin, Carlyle and Mrs. Gaskell have provided possible material. Redling by a good quotation from *An Inland Voyage*, Richard Pomfret two choice pieces from Borrow, Frank Adams admirable but not specifically English imbecilities from Ruskin and Carlyle. I recommend that the First Prize be divided between G. Tillotson and J. Conn, both of whom sent the same gem from *Areopagitica*, and the Second Prize to A. K. Milne for his pleasant trio.

"Now once again . . . God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his church, even to the reforming of reformation itself;

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. Vagabond King. Ea. M., W., Th., S.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. "Candida." Eas. Mon., Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' E. M., Th., S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. E. M., W. & S.

MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. The Road to Rome. Fri. Sat. & Eas. M.

STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed., Sat. & E. Mon.

WESTMINSTER. Heartbreak Hse. W., S., M.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. S., M.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

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what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen ? "—Milton, *Areopagitica*

G. TILLOTSON AND J. CONN

Then, mighty God ! the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky ;
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their hallelujahs high.
—Dr. Isaac Watts, *A Hymn of Praise for Three Great Salvations.*

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.
—Ann Taylor, *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave !
—Wordsworth, *Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.*

A. K. MILNE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 221.—DOLLARPLUSH

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" I'll trust you to give me a break," said Twotimes.

" Okay," said Dollarplush. On a slip of paper he wrote down six digits—all different—and passed the slip to Twotimes. " You've got ten minutes," he said. " What you have to do is to make two numbers, with those six digits, which are both prime and which add up to 1,000. If you succeed, you can have a number of dollars equal to the larger number."

Twotimes got to work. At the end of seven minutes he passed back the slip to Dollarplush. He had written down two numbers which conformed to the latter's conditions.

" You're a fool, all the same," said Dollarplush. " If you'd taken another three minutes you might, with luck, have done better for yourself. Not that I mind—I'm that much to the good."

How much was Dollarplush " to the good " ?

PROBLEM 219.—CLOTH OF GOLD

If n = the number of years a Pontiff has held office then the number of square ooms of cloth of gold divisible among n chamberlains is

$$\frac{n(n+1)(2n+1)}{6}$$

$$\therefore \quad \frac{(n+1)(2n+1)}{6} \text{ is integral}$$

$\therefore$ $n + 1$ is a multiple of 6
or $2n + 1$ is a multiple of 3 and n is odd.

Thus the possible values of n are : 1, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 25, 29, 31, 35, 37, 41, 43, 47, 49 . . .

It may reasonably be assumed that not even in Baruvia would a Pontiff hold office for 49 (or more) years, and the solution required is therefore :

n = 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 25

and *the number of chamberlains is* 120.

PROBLEM 218.—" NOPIL "

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : A. G. Firebrace, Caius College, Cambridge.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaineding 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

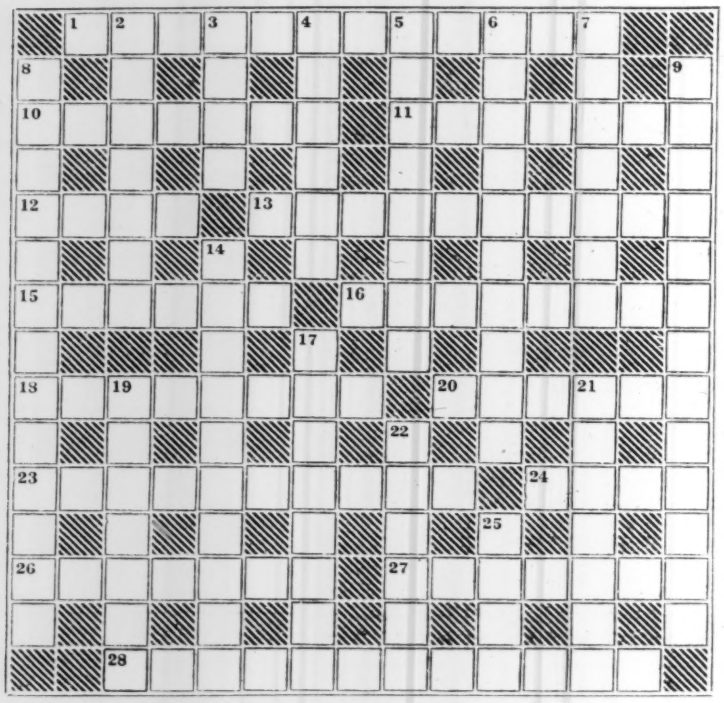
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 368

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
W. Tareo, 6 Handel Close, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex.

ACROSS.

1. Humpty Dumpty dressed up for Easter.
10. Give them water and they'll have a good pull at it no doubt.
11. Forms the pool, not only in wet weather.
12. Else they get turned round.
13. Where to buy Dead Sea fruit so to speak.
15. How humorists get the better of each other ?
16. Unvarying rent of one - storied homes ?
18. The chief beams from it presumably.
20. Ancient way to close the book.
23. Iron rations for birds ?
24. Works that survive one.
26. Beseech during the entertainment.
27. O ! to hell with him.
28. When bankers are out of work ?

DOWN.

2. Difficult to get at Auction ?
3. How the mace arrived.
4. Fast food unsuitable for the first of 28.
5. One would set the highest store on it presumably.
6. Dental lineage ?
7. He and his fellows rank as Indian file of course.
8. Song that invites one to join the ladies.
9. Is this where to keep the head down ?
14. Acts for which a knighthood is conferred ?
17. Send me back to fight.
19. A rat even might do it.
21. Dancers used to jump to it.
22. Club for Borstal boys ?
25. Make the Huns spring to attention.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	R	O	O	M	S	M	A	N	■	M	O	C	K	S
E	■	V	■	A	■	E	■	U	■	A	■	R	■	P
O	V	E	R	D	U	E	■	M	A	R	L	E	N	E
R	■	R	■	A	■	K	■	E	■	C	■	D	■	C
G	I	R	L	S	■	E	A	R	T	H	W	O	R	K
I	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	I	■	I	■	■	■	L
A	S	T	H	M	A	T	I	C	■	N	O	B	L	E
■	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	G	■	R	■	■
C	I	D	E	R	■	F	E	A	S	T	D	A	Y	S
A	■	■	■	C	■	R	■	U	■	H	■	S	■	I
M	A	R	C	H	P	A	S	T	■	R	I	S	E	N
E	■	O	■	H	■	M	■	O	■	O	■	H	■	G
L	U	G	G	A	G	E	■	C	R	U	S	A	D	E
O	■	U	■	R	■	U	■	A	■	G	■	T	■	R
T	H	E	M	E	■	P	U	R	C	H	A	S	E	S

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Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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WEST of Ireland, Achill Head Hotel, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Fully licensed. Commands a perfect view of all island on the west coast, situated amidst magnificent scenery, Achill Head, Cathedral Cliffs, Keele Strand and Keem Bay. Hot and cold running water, bog water baths. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for cruising and deep sea fishing. Safe bathing. Terms moderate. Apply PROPRIETOR.

SEAFORD, Sussex. Views of sea and downs, h. & c. in bedrooms, separate tables, best English cooking, very comfortable. Sunshine House. 'Phone 533.

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West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals
River bathing. Riding
Delightful Trips. Excellent Food
Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

WEALD OF KENT. Guests received in a delightfully furnished 16th century farm house. Own produce. Excellent cooking and beds. Electric light. Cranbrook 133. HANCOCKS, Cranbrook, Kent.

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..... N.S. M.27

THE SAFE HIGH-YIELD INVESTMENT

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

READER with 8-room house on N. Antrim Coast—facing Atlantic, romantic scenery, nr. Giant's Causeway, geology, archæology, good bathing, would take one or two artists or others p.g's. 2½ *gns.*, or let house for August, 16 *gns.*

CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, North Devon (see "Schools and Educational," page 540).

ALPINE Flowers in the Austrian Mountains. Paying guests taken at special reduced prices from June 1st to July 15th by an Austrian lady at a beautiful castle. Apply to MISS ISABEL DU CANE, Fittleworth House, Pulborough, Sussex.

JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

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CORNWALL. Comfortable modern guest house in unspoiled Cornish village. By sea and river. Excellent cuisine. Golf, fishing, boating. Telephone 48. MISS GARLAND, "Wellside," Polruan-by-Fowey.

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CRUISE to GREECE and the AEGEAN ISLANDS. ATHENS, Delphi, CRETE, Samos, COS, Rhodes, CYPRUS and PAESTUM. S.S. *Cairo City*, 9,600 tons, April 3rd-26th, from 27 *gns.* incl. London return. Few vacancies left. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

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GARTOCHARN HOTEL, GARTOCHARN, BY BALLOCH. Modern small hotel on Loch Lomondside. Ideal for restful holiday. For terms apply Secretary.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

SEE May Day celebrations in the Soviet Union. Tours leaving London April 24th. £19 inclusive. Write for details. F.S.U., Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

BERNESE OBERLAND for glorious mountain and lake scenery and exquisite Alpine flowers. Hotel Bären, Aeschi, above Spiez; overlooking Lakes Thun and Brienz, makes an ideal starting point. Large garden with tennis court. Open May to September inclusive. 65 beds. Full pension from 7½ francs. Send for illustrated leaflet.

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TO be Sold freehold, Green Hill Wood; 3 reception, 7 bedrooms. Main water; e.l. Garage. 700ft. up. Superb view. Southern aspect. £3,500. BRUCE, Platt Hill Wood, Wrotham, Kent.

DEVON old-world thatched cottage with walled garden, small richly stocked shrubs, bulbs, near Fingle Bridge. Nine rooms, bathroom, garage, electric plant. Option 15 acres. Moorland view, wooded daffodil country, one mile village with station. Ideal poultry farming, retired officer. Box 658, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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UNFURNISHED. North studio with small adjoining room in attractive Hampstead house, 25*s.* Also large hall floor studio, £1. Near buses, tube, Heath. Service available. Also smaller rooms, 10*s.*, 12*s.* 6*d.* Ham. 0430, 17 Lyndhurst Road.

COMFORTABLE, quiet large furnd. room; gas fire, ring, c.h.w., garden; meals. 22 Belsize Ave. PRI. 1043.

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TWICKENHAM. Pleasant small Georgian house, panelled, facing park, 200 yards river, 2/3 beds, 2 bath, fine drawing and dining rooms, garden, to let furnished for two months from April 10th. Plate and linen. 6 *guineas* per week. Apply Box 660, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BATH. 2 Beaufort Villas to let, furnished. 4 bedrms., garage, fine views. 3½ *guineas*.

GLYNDEBOURNE (near). Old cottage to let furnished, April 25th–June 25th. Sleep 8; all electric. Box 661, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room (24 × 14ft.), Hampstead, in private flat; light, use bathroom, kitchen, incl. 24*s.* Box 662, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BUNGALOW, near woods, suit writer. Quiet, town ½ hr., furnished, to let. Apply FIELD, 3 Stono Road, W.14.

WANTED. Bloomsbury, clean, quiet, bed-stg. rm. or unfurn. rm. where typing permitted. Use bath. Box 663, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

YOUNG writer, poor health, wants inexpensive board res., country or sea, with intelligent company. Box 657, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PEACE SHOP. Anyone having experience or suggestions in running one, please write Box 655, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ON Quantock Hills, Somerset, facing due South; one guest received by trained nurse. Apply Coombe Cottage, Plainsfield, Bridgwater.

EDUCATED woman wanted in Thames-side bungalow to help mother with housework and care of 2 babies. No maids kept. Interest in modern literature and new educational methods a recommendation. Ability to learn essential. £1 weekly. Box 659, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AGAINST camouflage and sang-froid. Frivolous activities with a purpose. Particulars. Box 651, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6, Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

YOU read my advertisements. Come to my Exhibition at the Ward Gallery, Baker Street, from April 7th. ANTHONY PANTING, Photographer.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE KENNET COMMITTEE—WALL STREET NERVES—CONTINENTAL LIQUIDATION—SHELL AND SELECTION TRUST—GILT-EDGED SWITCHING

THERE are only two objections to the Governmental control of foreign investment—that it is illegal, and that it is ineffective. The only reason why it is illegal is because the National Government is loath to put upon the Statute Book the forms of financial control which a Socialist Government would be quick to use and extend. Thus, the Bank of England is subject "unofficially" to Treasury control, but not to Parliamentary control. And the financial institutions in the City are subject to pressure from the Governor of the Bank and the Kennet Committee, but not to legalised supervision by the Treasury. The one-sided sort of pressure exercised by the Kennet Committee was in evidence last week. It was disclosed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in reply to a Parliamentary question that the Foreign Transactions Advisory Committee (under the chairmanship of Lord Kennet) had informed the Association of Investment Trusts (*a*) that the proportion of their new issues invested abroad should be confined to the minimum necessary to the conduct of their business "in accordance with the ordinary practice of investment trusts," and (*b*) that investment trusts proposing to make new issues, which hold a high proportion of foreign holdings in their portfolios, should reduce that proportion "as occasion may serve." There is, of course, no such thing as "ordinary practice" among investment trusts. Many trusts have as much as 60 per cent. of their funds invested abroad, some as little as 30 per cent. But why should investment trusts be singled out for Kennet restriction? Why are insurance companies and private investors exempt? The amount of foreign investment by insurance companies is probably far greater than that by investment trusts, and the steady flow of private funds, through London Stock Exchange brokers, into American securities was one of the features of the investment markets last year. Clearly, the "control" of the Kennet Committee is as ineffective as it is illegal, and its incidence is becoming unfair. Another argument in favour of the Labour Party's organised system of financial control complete with National Investment Board.

DURING the past quarter of a century the shares of the leading British insurance companies have, on the average, doubled in value every ten years. The factors which make for capital appreciation in insurance shares are permanent factors which are just as operative today as they have being during the past 25 years. The Units of the Trust of Insurance Shares have increased in value by approximately 17 per cent. since the Trust was formed in June, 1934.

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

Full particulars may be obtained and Units may be bought and sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated gross yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is approximately 3¼ per cent. Price of Units, 23rd March - 22s. 9d.

TRUSTEES: WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
30, Cornhill, E.C.3

Mansion House 5467

M.N. 709

The Diehards of Wall Street are greatly perturbed by the labour situation. The fact that the Government does not send troops to evict the sit-down strikers at the Chrysler works is taken to mean that Mr. Roosevelt is "Labour." At the moment of writing there is no prospect of a settlement between the United Automobile Workers Union and Mr. Walter Chrysler, and as Mr. Chrysler is reported to be the toughest of the American motor magnates, Wall Street is hoping that Mr. Lewis of the C.I.O. will yet be beaten. But it is not only the epidemic of strikes which is depressing Wall Street; it is the vague talk about Government interference to stop the boom. Major Angas is probably responsible for the popular belief that the Government is deflationist because in his recent pamphlet, "The Coming Slump in Bonds," he argued that the time was approaching when the brakes must be put on to prevent a wild price inflation. The Federal Reserve Board, by stepping up the reserve requirements and so reducing excess bank reserves, went so far along Major Angas's lines as to persuade banks to sell Government securities as the trade demand for loans increased. In fact, the fall in Government bonds has temporarily applied the "dearer money" brake to the boom. But it is nonsense to suppose that with the reserves of employment and plant capacity still existing in America there is yet danger of a wild price inflation. Mr. Eccles, who allowed Wall Street to think that he was so anti-boom as to favour dearer money, has now explained that he does not envisage a reversal of cheap money. Mr. Eccles' policy is increased taxation. It is clear that when the Chrysler strike has been settled, Wall Street will forget this vague and misleading talk about Government deflation and resume its upward trend. American industrial equities, as the following selection indicates, are not really dear, especially if we assume that the American recovery is some 18 months behind the British:

	Present Price.	Per Share. Last Div.	Last Earnings.	Div. Yield %	Earnings Yield %
American Smelting ..	95¾	3.00	6.85	3.13	7.15
Borg-Warner	79½	4.00	7.13	5.03	8.97
General Motors ..	62¼	4.50	5.25	7.23	8.43
National Dairy ..	24½	1.20	2.01	4.90	8.20
U.S. Pipe & Foundry ..	66½	3.00	3.45	4.51	5.19

* * *

The slump in base metal, mining and oil shares this week has been due to heavy Continental liquidation. It must not be supposed that the French capitalist is rushing home to support M. Blum's National Defence Loan. He does not exchange speculative shares for a fixed-interest loan. He might exchange from international mining and base metal shares to French industrial shares, but there is no sign of a boom developing in French equities. No, the Continental liquidation has been due to more natural causes—the closing of weak speculative positions. It is said, for example, that a Brussels firm had over-committed itself in Rhodesian copper, Brazilian Traction, International Nickel, U.S. Steel and other international gambles, and that its London brokers had had their contango facilities refused. There were other similar cases. Contango rates have been raised in all financial centres in order to check speculation. This is all to the good and the wise investor will seize the present opportunity of buying the sound shares which the Continental speculator has been throwing overboard. For example, Shell Trading & Transport has fallen from 7⅜ to 6⅝ cum. bonus, which is equivalent to 5½ ex bonus. If the dividend is raised to 20 per cent. tax free the gross yield would be 4¾ per cent.: if the dividend is maintained at 17½ per cent. tax free the gross yield would be £4 3*s.* per cent. This share is an investment. For a speculative investment take Selection Trust which was sold down from 45*s.* 6*d.* to 37*s.* 6*d.* in this bout of Continental liquidation. Selection Trust, which is broadly 45 per cent. copper, 20 per cent. industrial diamonds, and 35 per cent. lead-zinc and miscellaneous mines, must be worth at least 45*s.* on the present market value of its portfolio. Indeed, if we take its large holding in American Metal not at the market price of that stock, which is $61, but at its break-up value which is at least $90, we arrive at a valuation for Selection Trust of 56*s.* per share. At the present market price of 40*s.* it should be a good speculative purchase. If British investors will only keep their heads and use their arithmetic they will make money out of Continental speculators.

* * *

The gilt-edged market appears to be gradually stabilising itself at the new levels. This is important, for until the investor feels

confident that the gilt-edged market has grounded, and that ordinary share prices will not be pulled down by a further fall in the rate of interest, he will not resume his buying of British industrial shares. There is not yet an influx of money into gilt-edged stocks; but there is no fresh selling. There is, of course, still a good deal of switching. Now switching in the gilt-edged market is a specialist business, but to investors who are more or less forced to keep a large portion of their money invested in British Government securities such market operations afford an opportunity of adding to their meagre yield. It is unnecessary to add that this business is popular with stockbrokers, for their gain is often as much as that of their clients. Small price anomalies often occur in the gilt-edged market and are caused in some cases by recurrent natural phenomena. For example, 4 per cent. Victory Bonds usually stand higher than 4 per cent. Consols except just before the annual drawings of Victory Bonds in June when the reverse happens. The stock in trade of the specialist in switches is, therefore, a series of graphs showing the relative prices over a period of years. If interest rates remain constant, or if prevailing sentiment as to future interest rates does not alter, this switching business is sound enough. It is, however, absurd to argue from the fact that 2½ per cent. Consols has fallen from its highest point this year three points more than Victory Bonds that it is safe to switch into 2½ per cent. Consols at present prices. The rate of interest has definitely risen and in view of the possibility of a further rise at a later stage in the boom it is important for the private investor to hold on to, or switch on to, the high coupon stocks. In a period of rising interest rates the high coupon stocks, returning a relatively high running yield, generally suffer less than the low coupon stocks returning a relatively low running yield, even though the latter may carry a fixed date of redemption. The final table gives examples of the high coupon stocks which appear suitable for the private investor:

	Price.	Flat Yield %	Redemption Yield %
Consols 4% (1957 or after) ..	109	£3 13 9	£3 8 0
New Zealand 4½%, 1948/1958..	104½	4 6 3	4 0 0
London Passenger Transport 4½% A, 1985/2023	113¼	3 19 0	3 17 6

These stocks, of course, are not suitable for the big surtax-payer.

Company Meeting

PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES, LTD.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the company, held on March 23rd, in London. Mr. Mark Ostrer, chairman, presiding, said (in part):

It will be seen that the net profit has increased £9,557 and now exceeds half-a-million pounds, which I feel sure you will agree is a satisfactory result.

The chairman then dealt with the various items on the balance sheet in detail and continuing, said: Adding to the year's profit of £503,925, the balance brought forward from last year of £122,923 gives a total available of £626,849. Deducting from this figure the amounts appropriated to Reserve for Income Tax, Depreciation Reserve, Debenture Stock Sinking Fund and General Reserve, as already mentioned, and the dividends totalling £202,500 on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares as shown in the account, there remains a balance of £199,366, out of which your Directors recommend the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the usual rate of 15 per cent. This dividend will require £75,000, leaving £124,366 to be carried forward, an increase of £1,443 over the amount brought in.

As stated in the Report, the new theatre at Chippenham (The Gaumont) was opened on the 14th November, 1936. The erection of the new theatre at Salisbury is proceeding, and the reconstruction of the existing theatre at Trowbridge was commenced recently. Both of these theatres will be opened towards the end of the year.

No additional permanent capital has been raised since the issue of the Debenture Stock in 1929. Subsequent to that date very substantial sums have been placed to General and Depreciation Reserves, out of which a large number of modern theatres have been erected or acquired. The building of redundant theatres unfortunately still continues, but our conservative policy should enable us to meet this increased competition. We have always maintained our theatres in a first-class condition and for this purpose substantial sums are expended every year. Our long experience has enabled us to create an efficient organisation for the management of our theatres, and we are in a position to book the best films on advantageous terms. I am looking forward with confidence to the results for the current financial year being as satisfactory as those submitted to you to-day. The chairman then paid a tribute to the staff for their loyalty and co-operation. The report was adopted.

Company Meeting

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR ENOCH HILL'S SPEECH

THE 84th Annual General Meeting of the Halifax Building Society was held on March 22nd at Halifax, Sir Enoch Hill, J.P., F.C.I.S., President, said (in part):

The total receipts for the year, exclusive of investments realised, were £37,885,893. Of this amount, the sum of £20,488,752 was advanced upon new mortgages granted mainly for the purpose of buying or building houses for the personal occupation of the borrowers. The number of new borrowers was 31,794 and the average amount of each advance was £644.

The Society has continued to render all the assistance in its power under the provisions of the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act of 1933. The volume of business transacted under the provisions of this Act has not generally come up to the expectations of its promoters or the wishes of the Ministry of Health. The chief reason for its limited success has been the lukewarm support or hostility of some Local Authorities.

The total sum due upon mortgages has increased during the year by £6,253,660, and now stands at £92,195,988, the average amount per mortgage account being approximately £407. A perusal of the accounts will show that out of the 226,059 borrowers, 177,587 are in respect of balances not exceeding £500 each. This gives ample evidence that the Society's resources are used mainly to encourage men and women, of comparatively small means, to acquire their own homes.

The Society has maintained through the year its strong position with regard to Liquid Assets, which consist of short-dated trustee securities and cash in banks and in hand. These liquid funds now amount to £21,397,721, equal to 19.58 per cent. of the total amount of the investment funds.

During the year considerable restrictions have been in force upon the receipt of additional investments from members and depositors, but in spite of these restrictions the Directors were able to accept and employ, including the interest added, an increase in these funds of £5,931,541. The total funds of Investing Shareholders and Depositors now stand at £109,306,258.

During the year the total Assets of the Society have increased by £6,240,109, and now amount to £114,327,576. The new accounts opened during the year numbered 86,751, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' accounts open at the end of the year was 682,615, being an increase of 23,106 accounts. The balance of profit for the year, after payment of expenses and provision for income tax and all interest due to Depositors up to the date of the accounts, and for depreciation of office properties, amounted to £2,904,665, to which had to be added the balance brought forward of £56,293, making together a total sum of £2,960,958. After crediting to Shareholders interest amounting to £2,322,570, the Directors have appropriated £50,000 to the Staff Superannuation Fund, £58,145 to Reserve Fund No. 2 (making this Reserve Fund up to £750,000), and £353,273 to the General Reserve Fund (making this up to £3,850,000).

The balance of profit remaining after these appropriations is £176,969, from which the Directors have allocated a bonus of 10s. per cent. to the Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1, which is confined to shares completed by monthly subscriptions, and a bonus of £1 per cent. to the Monthly Subscription Investing Shareholders. These bonuses absorb £109,627 and leaving balance carried forward to next year's account of £67,342. Income tax on both interest and bonus is borne by the Society.

The chairman then urged that the participation in Monthly Investment Subscription Shares should be extended. He also stated that the Society was subscribing to the Code of Ethics and Procedure in co-operation with other large and important societies. He went on to say that an increasing tendency on the part of Municipal Authorities to enter the mortgage service field by making loans under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Acts had been maintained. He continued:

You will expect me to say a word or two with regard to future prospects. I think Building Society circles generally are now prepared to experience a somewhat lessened demand for mortgage facilities. This is only to be expected after the great boom of recent years, but I see no reason to abandon the expressions of optimism which I have made from this platform for many years. Among the problems of the immediate future is the certainty of the increased cost of building, but if this should prove not very severe it will not greatly check home-ownership, as proved by experience in the past. A further slackening in the demand for mortgage facilities may become apparent through some portion of the Building Trades' Labour being diverted from dwelling-house property to the construction of workshops, aerodromes, and other buildings now being erected under the Government Defence plans. I hope and trust that such diversion of labour, if any, will not cause any real shortage of housing accommodation. I therefore do not anticipate that the decreased demand will be in any way considerable.

I am sure that the results of the last year's business must be gratifying to all concerned and the Society has not only made great progress, but its financial strength is greater than at any time in its successful history.

The report and accounts were approved.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 28th, at 11, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH." 6.30, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE STONE WHICH THE BUILDERS REJECT."

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. ST. VINCENT ARMSTRONG, B.A. Subject: "IMMORTALITY."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. Public Lecture, Sunday, 8 p.m.: "DEATH AND GHOSTS." Free. All welcome.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVICE given, free of charge, on SCHOOLS: also on trainings for Secretarial, Domestic Science and other professions.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open-air life. Riding School on premises. All-round education at moderate inclusive fees. MISS M. K. WILSON. Tel.: Biggin Hill 203.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4-18). Altitude 4,100 feet.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, Nr. HIGH WYCOMBE. Boarding School for girls aged 4–18. Estate of 61 acres in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 350 feet above sea level. Balanced education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects. Large staff of Graduates. Ordinary curriculum includes elocution, art, crafts, singing, dancing, eurhythmics, games, swimming. Lessons out-of-doors when possible. Open-air swimming pool. Fees £120–£150 per annum, according to age on admission.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields, park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
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HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls 6–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL.
PUBLIC HEALTH EDUCATION.
FEMALE ORGANISING LECTURER.

The Lancashire County Council invite applications for the post of female Organising Lecturer under the Public Health Education Scheme, at a salary commencing at £350 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £400 per annum with subsistence and travelling allowances in accordance with the County scale.

The successful candidate will be required to organise lectures in the Administrative County Area on Social, Personal, and Mental Hygiene, and be capable of addressing gatherings of mixed adult audiences, and such associations as Women's Institutes, Social Service and Unemployment Centre., Child Welfare Centres, Health Visitors, Nursing Associations, Midwives, School Children and Teachers, etc., and assist in the organisation of local Health Weeks.

The successful applicant will be under the direction of the County Medical Officer of Health.

The appointment will be subject to the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applicants must not exceed 40 years of age.

Forms of application may be obtained from the County Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, County Offices, Preston, and must be returned to him duly completed on or before 5th day of April, 1937.

GEORGE ETHERTON,
Clerk of the County Council.

County Offices, Preston.
March, 1937.

RUNCORN URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the position of Librarian (female) from persons holding suitable qualifications of the Library Association, at a commencing salary of £160 per annum rising by annual increments of £10 to £200 per annum, subject to satisfactory service.

Candidates must have had practical experience in a Public Library.

The appointment is a designated one and will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination.

The appointment will be terminable by one month's notice in writing on either side.

Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify.

Applications, endorsed "Librarian," stating age and qualifications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, must be forwarded to the undersigned on or before April 30th, 1937.

JOHN HOWARD,
Clerk to the Council.

Town Hall,
Runcorn, 20th March, 1937.

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL.
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

Applications are invited for the appointment of a *County Librarian* (Male). Experience in Library work and possession of professional qualifications essential. Salary: £300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £450 per annum, subject to satisfactory service. The post is designated under the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Department, County Hall, Chichester.

J. EDWARD SEAGER,
Clerk of the County Council.

County Hall,
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